BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of Cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SPLENDID! THANKS!!

One does not hear this or a similar expression of glad feeling as often as one could wish, and its absence is frequently due to man's dilatoriness in exercising a proper care for his health. The habit of procrastination is strong in human nature. A slight indisposition, a feeling of being a bit "below par," is given very little heed to, with the result that alarming symptoms often ensue. It is a truism that most sickness takes its rise in indigestion, or a torpid state of the Liver and Bowels, conditions where

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!" Such is our wish to-day to all our readers—to all the world. Though our heart may be, at the moment, a little sad, it is not sour. Life, after all, is but a big game—everybody playing for his own hand, in his own way. Some observe the rules of the game more strictly than others; some play generously, and some meanly. Personally, we have had our wins and our losses. Just now the cards are not coming our way, and there are features about the "dealing" which, in ordinary times, would arouse our suspicion. But to-day we will suspect nobody. We'll just put it all down to bad luck. And so, here's a Happy New Year to everybody—to the Public Prosecutor and Horace Avory; to Justice Bigham and the Attorney-General; to the Public Trustee and the Official Receiver; to Sir Thomas Whittaker—and to all the Crown witnesses in Rex *v.* Bottomley.

We also desire to acknowledge the loyalty of the ever-widening circle of readers now gathered about us in all parts of the world. They have helped us to secure and maintain an influence which we have tried to exercise as a high public trust, not to be abused and not to be frittered away. Our success has been that of plain speaking, hard-hitting, and, we venture to say, clear thinking, without intolerance, humbug, cant, or prejudice. A vast number of letters of sympathy, confidence, and goodwill continue to reach us in regard to the case in which we are personally involved. That we have so many good friends touches us deeply, and we assure them all that the kindly things they say and think about us help us in this crisis of our personal life even more than they know.

The appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the constitution and working of representative assemblies is the beginning of the end of the present Government. A row with the Lords (and the landlords)—a Reform Bill—and the General Election. *Then*, a sufficiently well-balanced state of parties to make the game manifest, and *then*—good-bye to Party and enter the rule of the Business Man.

Temperance reformers should avoid alcoholic similes When Mr. Lloyd George likened the members of the House of Lords to cobwebby, crusted old bottles which had been in the cellars since the dark ages—well, it made our mouth water. We should like t spend an evening, at this festive season, in those cellars—and there is worse company than that of Lloyd George himself. We wouldn't say a word!

How people laughed when we predicted a General election *this* year!

Though the death of Sir P. A. Muntz creates a vacancy in the Tamworth division of Warwickshire, there is precious little hope for the Liberals in that quarter. Unopposed in 1886, 1895 and 1900, he had a majority of 2,719 in 1906—within a thousand of our own—and that with the most popular of Liberal Governments would take a great deal of wiping out. Although, however, the seat looks like a Tory freehold, the vacancy affords a fine opportunity to test the opinion of the Midlands upon the question whether, by its recent action on the Licensing Bill, the Lords have flouted the will of the people.

Without in any way departing from our determination not to comment upon the proceedings now pending against us, at the instance of the Treasury, we desire to direct public attention to the monstrous conduct of the Scotland Yard authorities in having our editor "shadowed" by detectives. Despite the disclaimer of Mr. Horace Avory, on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, the fact remains that Detective Inspector Burch, whom we named as being in charge of the shadowers, has not contradicted our statement—which we are in a position to prove up to the hilt. That any man—and, above all, a Member of Parliament—should be subjected to such indignity and annoyance, simply because there are pending against him certain charges in connection with which the question of bail has never arisen, is nothing short of a scandal—and we intend to see to it that when Parliament reassembles the Home Secretary is given an opportunity of explaining and justifying the incident. It is a big enough task for a layman to take on, unaided, a Crown prosecution—without being pursued by the methods of the thug.

The period is rapidly drawing to a close during which we are to decide whether we pay the Crown a fine of £300 or go to prison for Contempt of Court. Possibly, however, there may be another alternative. The Law, you see, *is* such a funny thing.

ANOTHER ANAGRAM: "Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P."—Too polite, B.; try quash 'm more.

Mr. Robert Harcourt's Bill to abolish the Lord Chamberlain's censorship of plays and transfer to local authorities the powers of that very ornamental functionary in licensing London theatres is a step in the right direction. That the Lord Chamberlain, who is a Court official, and his adviser, Mr. Radford, should have the power to say what plays shall and shall not be produced in theatres, is an absurdity and a solecism, for they represent nobody except themselves. We don't believe in censorships, literary or otherwise. The common law ought to be, and is quite sufficent to prevent any outrage on public morals. With our Grundies and Chadbands always on the watch and on the pounce, there is not much likelihood that the police will be allowed to miss anything unduly shocking to the feelings of anybody's grandmother. If they do, then grandmother must stay at home and proceed with her knitting.

A Berlin wire of last week states :—"A blacksmith of Wildbergerhuette, in the district of Arnsberg (Westphalia), surprised four Croats attacking his wife. He killed two on the spot with a sledgehammer, and left the others in such a state that their recovery is despaired of." "Despaired of" is good!

During the debate on the Licensing Bill—peace to its memory!—we heard much about the success of Prohibition in Canada. Here is an extract from a letter just received from one of our Canadian readers :—

> We have out here a "temperance party" of the ranting sort; we see with our own eyes how the thing works (and it does not work at all). We have just come through an election in this fair city of Hamilton, Ontario, where we have sixty thousand souls all told, and out of twenty hotel-keepers six were hauled in front of the "beak" next morning for selling booze to thirsty "constituents," and some twenty or more thirsty cons. got the same for trying a whisky straight on election day.
>
> We are surrounded here by some little villages, where they have what they call local option—that is, "no booze." What is the result, sir? Every wagon going out to the said villages has a barrel of beer under a tarpaulin, and the "boys" come in by electric car, and go home by dozens "shot," and with their pockets full of booze, as well as themselves. When they get back to the dear little villages they generally start smashing up things, I suppose in a sort of spite at the way things had treated them.
>
> In the city we may hit it up all the week, but not Saturday night or Sunday, yet Monday morning always sees the biggest crowd dipping into their pockets for whatever the magistrate calls for; that is how the thing works out here—a farce pure and simple.

Somehow or other, these are the things which never reach the ears of Messrs. Leif Jones, Charles Roberts, and Thomas Whittaker. By the way, they ask for a drop of "Sir Thomas Whittaker's special" at the "Edinburgh" now!

Here are two different views of duty :—

"The Rev. Francis Harrison, who has just resigned the living of North Wraxall, Wiltshire, has not been absent from the parish on a single Sunday since July, 1867."—*Daily Express.*

"The Dean of Wells and Mrs. Jex-Blake and family have taken up their residence in Ennismore Gardens, London, for the winter."—*Church Family Newspaper.*

There have been some exceedingly silly demonstrations in honour of the tercentenary of Milton, who, it will be remembered, was despised by his contemporaries, and was summed up by Voltaire as "this barbarian." The poet may now be judged by the calibre of his self-constituted exponents. George Meredith has broken out again into incoherent doggerel. There has also been a Milton banquet at the Mansion House, attended by all the failures. A certain Canon Beeching said he praised Milton "in the heights as he praised a star or one of his archangels, and first of all he praised him for his superb and sublime achievement in poetry." Evidently the blind praising the blind—after dinner. The Italian Ambassador "next gave Poetry"—coupling it with the egregious Alfred Austin! That poetaster responded, saying that, in admitting the toast of Poetry, the Lord Mayor had performed an act of daring originality. At any rate, it was original to call upon the present Poet Laureate to respond for it. Milton's daughters are at last having their revenge.

Recently, in answer to an enquiry in the House of Commons, Mr. Haldane had the courage to repeat his statement that there was no mutiny in the 5th Lancers four years ago, and this notwithstanding that he had before him sworn declarations as to the mutiny—declarations which gave date and place. We have now information of another disturbance—we will not call it mutiny because it did not reach that stage—in which the 5th Lancers played a part. Last October, just after the manœuvres, the men booed their Commanding Officer, Colonel Graham, in the barrack square. Will Mr. Haldane deny this? And if he admits it, will he say whether there has been adequate enquiry into this new proof that the regiment then commanded by Colonel Graham was out of hand? We say "then" because, though the change has not been gazetted, Colonel Graham has, in fact, since been removed from the 5th Lancers and, as Mr. Haldane stated in Parliament, has been appointed to the command of the West African Regiment. We can recall no precedent for the removal of the Colonel of a smart cavalry regiment to the command of a regiment of negroes. Mr. Haldane mentioned in explanation and justification of the appointment that Colonel Graham has already seen service on the West Coast. That is true. It is also true that he has seen service in South Africa, where, during the Boer war, the men under his command got quite out of hand, and an incipient mutiny had to be dealt with by Lord Dundonald. Instead of sending out Colonel Graham to command some 5,000 troops on the West Coast of Africa, troops which may at any moment be engaged in warlike operations, the welfare of the Army would have suggested the retirement of this officer.

Writing in one of the Reviews, a Tory M.P. tries to say the nastiest things in the nicest possible way about several of the notorious noodles of the last Balfour administration. Whatever is to be said of the present Liberal Government in regard to measures, it is as strong, when compared with the last ministry, in regard to men. And this Tory M.P. sifts out chaff from the wheat with a true hand. Mr. Balfour is plainly told that whoever else he includes in his next Cabinet, Lord Midleton (late Mr. St. John Brodrick), Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Akers-Douglas, Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Halsbury and Lord Derby must be left out. Mr. Walter Long, who has made commonplace a fine art in politics, and won a reputation for political sagacity by means of a verbose rhetoric, is weighed so nicely in the balances that it is held to be a question whether he draws standard weight. All this may seem hard lines on a faithful group of office-filling nonentities, but they have lived out their day. They remind us of a well-known epitaph: "Here lies Joseph Jacob Budd, whose age was six times ten; he n'er did good and never would, if he'd lived as long again." Peace to their ashes.

At the meeting of the Sunday Hospital Fund the Lord Mayor of London announced that the total received last year was the highest in the history of the Fund, exceeding £80,000. Yet the question why the Battersea

General Hospital is excluded from the benefits remains unanswered. This is a matter of public importance, and it seems about time that the public should insist on having the matter threshed out. We are persuaded that in contributing to the Sunday Hospital Fund it is in the mind of few, if any, of the contributories to boycott any particular hospital, and least of all a hospital which is trying to do its beneficent work as an anti-vivisectionist institution. It is known, indeed, as the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital; but there should be some better explanation of the boycott than that which apparently lies upon its surface. As a proposition in medicine or surgery vivisection may be right or it may be wrong. But it is a debatable and debated matter at all events, and if the only reason for excluding the Battersea Hospital from a share in the Sunday Fund is that its permanent and consultant staff have set themselves against vivisection, it is difficult to find words of sufficient restraint to characterise the proceeding.

A respectably-dressed young fellow recently went into a jeweller's shop to try and sell a diamond. On leaving the shop, one of those fussy policemen not uncommon in the force, stopped him and plied him with questions as to how he had got the jewel. The man explained. The explanation not being satisfactory to the policeman, he was arrested, and charged before Mr. Plowden with "unlawful possession." In ordering the discharge of the accused and the restoration of the diamond, Mr. Plowden gave that policeman a trouncing which should benefit him all his days. Obviously, if every man who enters a jeweller's or a pawnbroker's shop is to be questioned and badgered and hauled up before a magistrate by the bobby on the beat, considerable numbers of the British public are in the way of trouble. The policeman in this case had not a particle of evidence to justify even a suspicion that the man had stolen the diamond or received it from anybody who had stolen it; wherefore he is hereby recommended to special official recognition.

One of the queerest defences we have ever heard in reply to a charge of using unjust scales was that of a Leicester grocer in the borough police court the other day. The grocer used two sets of scales in his business. One of them had a quarter-of-a-pound of lead attached to it; the other, a piece weighing six drachms. "Defendant," his solicitor is reported to have said, in explanation, "wished to have a reputation for giving good weight, and he was able to realise this reputation." We should not call lumps of lead good weight ourselves—not in the grocery line, anyway. A quarter-of-a-pound of lead to a pound of sugar, for instance, would strike most people, as it struck the magistrates, as exceedingly bad weight. If the defendant really wants to obtain a reputation for giving good weight, he should use fair scales, and let the goods side go down with a generous bang. There is no statute against the exercise of philanthropy. In any case, a grocer should not hide his goodness of heart under a pair of scales.

The District Council of Mumbles, the picturesque little seaside resort near Swansea, are borrowing the Swansea parks superintendent to advise them as to the best method of laying out the promenade. This is an enterprising idea, but a still more enterprising one would be to borrow a new railway, the present crazy assortment of dilapidated tramway cars, dignified as the Mumbles Railway, being not only a discredit to the town, but an ever-present danger to the public. The proprietors of this line, which runs round the beautiful Swansea Bay on the roadside, appear to have bought up a number of old tramway cars which would have otherwise have gone to the scrap-heap of the companies who originally owned them. They are of all sorts and sizes, dragged along by a dirty and semi-decrepit old engine, to which is affixed an incessantly-ringing bell, warning all whom it may concern to clear out unless they yearn for the quiet repose of the cemetery; likewise a look-out man to aid the bell in its beneficent mission. The railway stations consist of shocking little sheds, and when the visitor to Mumbles has climbed into the express he is either half suffocated with the smoke from the engine or in danger of being blown into the deep, deep sea by the four winds of heaven. Mumbles, in fact, enjoys the distinction of possessing the crankiest railway in the country.

Two counsel now much in evidence—Mr. Muir and Mr. Avory—present the most striking contrast imaginable. Mr. Muir has the appearance of a French abbé with venerable white hair and a round, clean-shaven face conveying an impression of benevolence. We can picture him seated in a confessional, listening to the most horrible revelations and never turning a hair. Mr. Avory is utterly unlike anyone we have ever seen before. His distinguishing mark is a long pear-shaped head, which appears to have been attached very loosely to his body. All day long it waggles about continuously like that of a toy Chinaman. A button nose for ever sniffing the air, a cold, thin mouth and faint, colourless eyes, suggest overweening vanity. We are reminded of Carlyle's description of Robespierre:—

> That anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man; his eyes troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future times; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green.

He has a harsh, thin voice all on one note, fidgets all the time with hands as well as head, and is for ever jumping up like a jack-in-the-box.

We note that among the rules framed for the regulation of the new churchyard cemetery at Beighton is the prohibition of glass shades or artificial flowers on graves; that "glass jars or pottery of any kind, or tin vessels to contain water for flowers must not be placed above the graves, but must be sunk level with the turf;" and that all flowers must be removed from the graves when dead. Contrary to the views of one or two Beighton people who have communicated with us on the matter, we cannot agree that these rules are unreasonable with one exception. Respect and love for the memory of the dead are one thing; to decorate their graves with visible sardine tins and jam pots is another. But the vicar's prohibition of artificial wreaths is open to the objection which we remember urging in the case of a similar rule elsewhere some time ago, that it operates hardly against the poor as well as against those who live long distances from the cemetery and cannot regularly place fresh flowers on the graves of their dead. In the great cemetery of the Père la Chaise in Paris, as in most French cemeteries, nearly all the graves are decorated with beaded artificial wreaths and crosses. You hardly ever see fresh flowers upon them, and never faded ones; and nobody will charge against the French that they do not love and revere the memory of those who have gone to rest.

A correspondent at Walthamstow tells us that the way in which the free meals for children is being worked there is causing a great deal of hardship on the parents, as the meals are given without the knowledge of the fathers, and then accounts for the cost are sent in with peremptory requests for payment. It seems that the Council do not make proper inquiries before giving the meals, nor do they put themselves in a position to recover the cost, for the practice is for teachers to ask a class of boys, "All boys whose fathers are out of work, put up one hand," and then tickets for food are

distributed on the assumption that if a man is out of work his children must be starving. The children sometimes go on having the meals after their fathers get in work, and further trouble arises. The new Act is difficult to administer, but we see no reason why it should not be properly carried out, and we suggest to Walthamstow that it ought to direct its attention to these matters, as in the event of proceedings being taken to enforce some of these claims, a Court of Law would probably hold that the proper steps had not been taken to make parents liable.

It is amusing to notice how most people delight in talking about themselves. You have only to set them going by asking them some easy question about their habits, what time they get up in the morning, whether they prefer roast beef underdone, whether they snore, or something equally trivial and unimportant, and you will at once be voted delightful company, the very best fellow in the world. This form of lunacy accounts for the endless correspondence in the press about diet, smoking, fresh air, even washing, which has now found its detractors. Some solemn person has actually been arguing that most of us wash too often. Probably he would be quite content if we just shook ourselves like a dog on rising from our virtuous couch in the morning.

Strictly according to our prophecy of a few months ago, a Ministerial statement that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is in the happy expectation of an heir to the throne was read in The Hague Parliament on Tuesday last. It is not possible to say how many statements of this kind have been made in the same place to identical purport, for we have not counted them. But they come at regular intervals, and are received with hearty cheers every time. Unfortunately, Queen Wilhelmina is a most disappointing lady. Her hopes never mature, and the "hearty cheers" of Parliament and the nation die away on notes which make a sort of national moan. The Dutch Court still retains its old customs. While most regal ladies are permitted to keep the alleged facts to themselves until they become generally obvious, Her Majesty has to reveal them on suspicion only to the accredited functionaries. Then, in due course, said functionaries issue an official or semi-official *communiqué* that Her Majesty has committed an error of judgment, or that her hope has been blighted in the bud, owing to circumstances it is unnecessary to mention. This time we respectfully trust that in due season there will be rejoicing through all the land.

WORRIED LOOKS.—IX.

Mrs. Carrie Nation and Other People's Business.

What is Your Number?
See page iii of cover.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For advertising "two unfurnished rooms to let; every INCONVENIENCE; *suitable young couple,"*
THE HORNSEY JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For winding up an address in his parish magazine as follows: "With the hope that we may all succeed in getting our drain connections made thoroughly sound, I remain, Affectionately yours,"
THE VICAR OF HORNCHURCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing a postcard of "the Houses of Parliament at midnight," with Big Ben showing five minutes past seven,
RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "it was stated in evidence that the milk was purchased from Mrs. Pullin, but a sample of that lady's milk was taken, and no proceedings taken,"
THE BRISTOL EVENING TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving under the heading "NEW FICTION," "*Twenty-five* TRUE *Tales of Adventure,*"
THE EVENING STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For deciding, "instead of giving outdoor relief, to admit a woman to the workhouse, at the cost of 7s. 6d. a week, and to send her four children to the schools at a cost of 14s. 6d. a week each,"
THE LAMBETH GUARDIANS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Newton lives at Oakham and HUNTS DAILY WITH SEVERAL PACKS *of hounds,"*
THE YORKSHIRE POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, among the signs along the railway that meet our eyes when travelling, "the first are the MILE *posts, which are placed a* QUARTER OF A MILE *apart,"*
PEARSON'S MAGAZINE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a man who died at the age of TWENTY-NINE *had an "experience going well back into the old manual days, even before horse-drawn fire-engines were used,"*
THE ROAD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asserting that Bristol City "have played SEVEN *of their* FIVE *fixtures on alien grounds,"*
THE LANCASHIRE DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to London as "the capital of the greatest CITY *in civilisation,"*
A WRITER IN *LONDON OPINION*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to "the supply of FILLETED *air to the House of Commons,"*
THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For placing the following names in gold lettering on the panels of an oak fireplace:—The Hon. W. S. Lascelles, ESQ., *Sir J. C. D. Hay,* ESQ., *Sir Edward Green,* ESQ., *and Viscount Milton,* ESQ.,
THE WAKEFIELD CONSERVATIVE CLUB
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following calculation: "The following figures regarding the loss of the Sardinia were officially issued to-day:—Rescued, 104; picked up dead, 33; missing, 64. Thirteen of the latter belonged to the crew. No passengers are missing."
THE GLASGOW DAILY RECORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

EXPERIENCES OF A TEETOTALER.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

It is one of my weaknesses to like to do things differently to other people. That is the only explanation I can think of for my sudden resolve to spend a teetotal Christmas. It is true that I had been reflecting for some time over the dangers and disasters for which alcohol is responsible. If we are to believe all those benevolent persons who rage furiously against the demon of drink, almost every ill to which flesh is heir may be traced directly or indirectly to that naughty little fruit, the ruddy grape. Disease, lunacy, debt, poverty, brawling, infidelity, philoprogenitiveness, evil concupiscence, and almost every other abomination, down to an affection for dahlias and whiskers, all emanate from the flowing bowl. It was clear to me that, if I wished to take my proper place in the world as a great teacher and legislator, I must do it on toast-and-water.

ALWAYS A GENTLE DRINKER.

Mind you, I am by no means a bibulous person. Indeed, I have serious doubts whether I have ever really been roaring drunk. I can take my whack like a gentleman without much risk of being driven below the table. But I am told by my temperance friends that the habit of moderate drinking is the most insidious and dangerous of all. Drunkenness, it seems, like other forms of pain, has been designed by Nature as a safeguard. When you have soaked in so much liquor that you lose consciousness and sink on to the pavement, or retire behind a lamp-post to vomit, it is clearly brought home to you that you have had enough for the present. But if each glass cheers you up and its pleasant memories invite you to another, and yet another, directly the reaction sets in, neither your liver nor your morality is safe.

SEARCHING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

At any rate, I reflected, there is no harm in making the experiment. I am not, and must not be, the slave of any habit. If my health and temper improve after a course of the produce of the brook, I will remain a teetotaler for the rest of my days. If I find I have made a mistake, I can always return to my cellar with redoubled joy. Like the Prince of Bulgaria, I shall have a new sensation to treasure up in my memory. You may be wondering why I have chosen the festive season for the commencement of my experiment. Well, I have always been in favour of heroic measures. Besides, Christmastime has long been notorious for the horrible excesses with which the faithful celebrate the birth of the Founder of their religion. Perhaps my example will be all the more valuable just now. Perhaps, again, I may be regarded as a wet blanket.

RECAPITULATION.

I will tell you how it all came to pass. One morning I awoke with yellow eyes and a furry tongue and proceeded to recapitulate—in every sense of the word—all the beverages of the previous day. There had been a stiff whisky-and-soda before I left my happy home. Then I had met three people in a bar while waiting for some ladies to turn up to lunch. That had meant four Martini cocktails. We were three at lunch, and that meant one sherry-and-angostura, two bottles of Veuve Cliquot 1900, and four glasess of 1865 brandy, followed by a brandy-and-soda as a settler. Then I went down to the Guildhall to see the prisoners at the bar—another bar this time—and after the proceedings I had to correct the foul air by taking two witnesses to a public-house, with the result that I drank three glasses of indifferent whisky and worse water. By the way, it seems to me a reprehensible habit among consumers of strong waters that when one of them has paid for refreshments, the other should insist upon an immediate return of the compliment. What is the good of a compliment if it be returned immediately? To continue my recapitulation. I forget how many friends I met before dinner, but I know that I transacted a good deal of business, and that cannot be done without lubrication. Eventually, I attended a dinner party, and that, as you know, implies a bewildering mixture of wines: sherry, hock, champagne, port, followed by kümmel. Then I went to a music hall, and reverted to whisky-and-soda until it was time to catch my last train. On reaching home, my throat was decidedly parched. The salmon, or something, must have disagreed with me, so there was nothing for it but a Homeric draught as a nightcap.

ABSTINENCE.

Now these various liquids seemed neither potent nor numerous at the time, but on recapitulation—faugh! So I resolved without a moment's hesitation to remain a total abstainer for the next forty days and forty nights. My confidence in the strength of my mind was absolute, but the forty days had not extended far beyond forty minutes when the conviction seized me that the sad state of my health would best be remedied by what the giaours call "a hair of the dog that bit." Repairing to the dining-room, I poured myself out a stiff peg, when the memory of my recent resolution returned to me. "A fig for memories and resolutions," I murmured to myself as I raised the beaker to my parched lips. Then I paused and argued with myself for some time. On the one hand my liberty was not to be curtailed. On the other hand, if I could prove to myself that I was not dependent upon alcohol, my liberty would presently be enlarged. So I gave the potion to the flower-pot and resumed my Ramadan.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

After a few days the task grew very easy. I was irritable perhaps, but I enjoyed my lemon-squashes and ginger ales and all the variety of mineral waters, for they quenched my thirst far more effectively than any wine or spirit. Languor and feebleness, however, increased, and were only partially over-ridden by pick-me-ups from the chemist. There was also a certain sense of starvation, for alcohol is a meat as well as a drink. The only temptation to give way was when I met friends, for they thought me churlish in refusing to share their carouses. In my own house I could bamboozle them with a decanter of cold tea, but when we foregathered in a tavern, I was forced to pretend that I had been ordered abstinence by my doctor on account of my gout. This did not seem to be believed, but I have always been indifferent to public opinion.

THE STINK OF DRINK.

I am now quite certain that, if I liked, I could easily do without all fermented liquors as long as I live. When I think about them I am certain that I should dislike them intensely and that they would not comfort me in any way. This superstition grows upon me whenever I engage in conversation with people who are not abstainers. The fact is that teetotalism renders the sense of smell abnormally acute. I can tell at once whether a man has been drinking sherry or whisky I daresay, if I gave up smoking also, I could almost diagnose the vintage. Certainly the fumes of wine are very unpleasant to an abstainer, and I begin to understand why it is that he invariably becomes a fanatical missionary.

THE ALTERNATIVES.

Perhaps the chief obstacle in the path of the amateur abstainer is to be found in the exceeding nastiness of non-alcoholic potations. Take water, for instance. It is almost as disagreeable on the stomach as it is on the brain. It is depressing, chilling, poor, thin, an apotheosis of the negative, without colour, taste or smell, as the advertisements of cod-liver oil profanely pretend. It also requires great courage to imbibe, for animals, sewage, decaying vegetation, poisons, and diseases of all kinds, lurk therein. Moreover, almost all water is saturated with chemicals, and those who are rash enough to drink it wherever they go are liable to imbibe all sorts of medicines, as to whose effects they know absolutely nothing. Milk, again, is dangerous, for it absorbs microbes very readily, and who knows whether your cow or your goat is enjoying the best of health? The various minerals which are sold at a high price are either medicinal or full of offensive gases. Ginger-beer is fit only for schoolboys, ginger-ale is a mockery, lemonade is meretricious, tea and coffee are bad for the nerves, and what Briton can condescend to the foreign vice of sipping syrups? However, the muck is all very cheap, and I hope I may soon save up enough to pay my fare to Monte Carlo.

Meanwhile, here's luck!

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXIX.

We have received a number of letters with remittances in reply to our statement as to the experiences and position of a gentleman indicated by the term "Chartered Secretary." In every case the writer and giver has requested that there should be no public acknowledgment of his kindness. We have therefore acknowledged each letter under cover, and have forwarded the remittances to our correspondent. We are happy to think that the moneys they carried, though comparatively small in amount, served to make his Christmas table less bare than otherwise it might have been, and the offer of work contained in more than one of these letters will, we hope, brighten an otherwise terribly cheerless prospect for the coming year.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY.

By Radcliffe Martin.

London was quiet, as quiet as any capital could be in which motor-buses perpetually snorted and Victor Grayson frequently orated. The Suffragists had absolutely withdrawn from public life. Days passed without any reference whatever to the Pankhurst family in the press, and the *Daily Mirror* no longer kept a resident photographer on Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence's doorstep. London policemen at last could have a day off duty and the House of Commons attendants nodded peacefully as they sat at their posts. The Cabinet Ministers were so little interrupted at public meetings that they began to have a shadow of an idea that they were growing popular. Mr. Asquith's butler was no longer astonished by wild peals of the door bell. Not a window was smashed or a lady chained up in Downing Street. Mr. Tudor Walters passed to his place in the House unembraced. If Mrs. Drummond step-danced at all it was in the privacy of her own dwelling.

There was a vague feeling that something was lacking in the world. The interest seemed to have gone out of the national life. In vain did Mr. Stewart Gray squat in Westminster Abbey and demand that it be laid out in mushroom beds for the unemployed. In vain did Mr. Philip Snowden analyse the dinner bills of his political opponents. Miss Maud Allan introduced into her programme two new dances founded on passages in Habbakuk, but they didn't even rouse the National Vigilance Society. Professor Lupton tried to raise a controversy on the merits of vaccinated veal as an article of diet, but it fell painfully flat. A similar fate befell Mr. G. R. Sims' new sensation "The Moloch Mothers of the Metropolis"—it was ignored as completely as if it had been merely an advertisement of Tatcho. Dr. Saleeby raised a trifling breeze by publishing an article against the unhygienic practice of washing, and pointing out that soap was the home of deadly germs, but the soap manufacturers squelched the discussion at the very start by threatening to withdraw advertisements. The great heart of the people even declined to be moved when that daily oracle of the House of Commons, Sir Thomas Whittaker, proved conclusively that no brewer had the smallest right to possess property. Mr. Hall Caine was interviewed so often about his new novel that the public expressed gratitude when he had a nervous breakdown, and announced that in future, except in cases of great urgency or personal matters, he could not be interviewed more than once a day. In vain did Mr. Leo Maxse point to the ominous fact that the German Emperor had not made a speech for a month, and demand that the British Fleet be sent instantly to seek an explanation of this hostile silence. The arrival of twins at the Agapemone created no more sensation than the announcement that King Peter of Servia had delirium tremens again, and that the Crown Prince had shot in one day a policeman, an archbishop, and three nuns.

The Editor of the *Daily Squawl* groaned as he sat at his desk. "We must have a boom," he cried to the chief sub. "Sack a couple of reporters to encourage the others. If one of the reporting staff had an atom of thought for the well-being of the paper, he'd go out and commit a mysterious murder. Now twenty years ago, when the Whitechapel murders were on, a man had a chance. Oh! tell that young ass Smith to go out and interview some Suffragists—they've been off the bill long enough."

Six hours later Mr. Smith returned and trembled as he met the editorial eye.

"Got anything spicy?" asked the genius who controlled the *Daily Squawl*.

"I've tried to interview thirty of them and they all decline to say anything."

Before the editor could explode, the kindly sub-editor interposed. "It'll make a bill," he said; "Suffragists' Mysterious Silence! What Are They Doing?" We could write something up in the office about a rumour that they are going to get on the Clock Tower with an aeroplane."

"It'll do," grumbled the editor, adding to the reporter, "Get out of here and do a column on shopping preparations for Christmas."

When the youth returned he walked confidently into the office. "I've got something good now," he said loudly; "been round Covent Garden Market, and they tell me there's a most tremendous demand for mistletoe. Never heard anything like it before. Country being ransacked for it. Prices doubled already. Before Christmas they say it'll be selling for its weight in silver."

"Good," cried the editor; "write it up—give it a column. Where's the noodle who writes our comic verse? Tell him to let himself go on it. If he can't write on that what *can* he write on? Wire to Professor Hewins to do us a special on Mistletoe and Tariff Reform—tell him to take the line that a fifty per cent. duty on foreign mistletoe will make the fortune of English growers. Let me see, who could do us something spicy, proving that the shortage of British mistletoe is due to landowners having a lack of confidence in the present Government? Ah! Lord Winterton's the very man. Send round to all the picture postcard idiots at the theatres and get 'em to give their views on 'What shall I do if mistletoe runs short?' Then we might have a half-column from Sir Lauder Brunton on the 'Unhygienic Mistletoe.' And just get one of the staff to write a letter signed 'Materfamilias,' protesting against the mistletoe custom as heathenish and indecent. Now that ought to make the old rag boom a bit."

The *Daily Squawl* enjoyed its boom for a couple of days, and then discovering that there was a slump in holly, devoted itself to proving that the dread of new taxation had forced holly-growers to sacrifice their goods at any price. Then, happily, a divorce case came along, in which a Guards' officer and a chorus-girl were concerned, and the *Squawl* dropped everything for the new sensation.

So Britons went on, calmly unconcerned, preparing for their Christmas without the slightest idea of the calamity awaiting them. Heads of households may have wondered at the keenness with which their wives and daughters entered on the work of Christmas decoration, but they were too much absorbed in the rueful contemplation of the forthcoming Christmas bills to speculate whether this strange enthusiasm had any hidden meaning. Ah! Had they only known that in the background the conspiring genius of the Pankhurst family was at work!

At last Christmas Eve came, and in every home in England there hung a branch of the sacred plant. Triumphant youths and men chuckled as they thought of their unprecedented opportunities. They contemplated embracing their own wives and (with more enthusiasm) other men's wives, their own sweethearts and other men's sweethearts, their maid-servants, and the feminine strangers within their gates. Had some Wilbur Wright glided in an aeroplane over a London suburb, he would have been justified in expecting to hear the loud sound of universal osculation.

But when the time came the fair and the ugly, the young and the aged, the slim and the plump, the rich and the poor—all, all turned savagely on the man who tried to entice them beneath the Druidical plant and cried, "Never—till we have votes!"

The only woman in England who would comply with the time-honoured custom was Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The rush of indignant letters to members of Parliament next day doubled the Christmas mails. Two days later a special meeting of the Cabinet was held, and on January 1st Parliament was ordered to meet. The Bill for the immediate enfranchisement of all women passed through the House by an almost unanimous vote—Professor Lupton's amendment restricting the franchise to unvaccinated women being defeated by 604 votes to 3. And then woman—lovely woman—stood once more under the mistletoe and waited—not in vain.

Moral.—There are quicker ways of getting a vote than by kicking a policeman.

LOVE THE LINKBOY.

Cynthia, returning from the rout,
Looked up and down, and round about,
Till she espied unto her joy,
A little unemployed linkboy.
She beckoned to him; like a man
To do her bidding straight he ran:
And deftly with a flaring torch
Conducted Cynthia to her porch.
But, strange to say, arrived there,
He hovered off to upper air;
And cried far down from heaven above,
"I'm not a linkboy, I am Love."

A. H.

CONFESSIONS OF A FAMOUS MEDIUM.—V.

STORY OF THE GREAT "SCIENTIFIC" HOAX.

My Masterpiece.

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

The third experiment was even more startling than the two described, because it satisfied M. and G. that the power of receiving telepathic impressions was not confined to S., who took no part in this one. The subject or percipient was my office boy, whom I have mentioned as being one of the helpers at the early hypnotic displays of S. I was using him to practice hypnotism upon, and found him so susceptible that for a long time I suspected him of humbugging me, and although I at last was satisfied that I could exert some hypnotic control, I am still in doubt whether he did not in many cases follow the example set him by S. and myself by "helping out" some of the results.

I may say that though he was unquestionably a hypnotic subject, I was never able to get any telepathic phenomena from him, save under the circumstances now to be related.

I accidentally met Messrs. Myers and Gurney in Brighton, accompanied by a gentleman whom they introduced as interested in their enquiries. I forget his name, but subject to correction think it was a Mr. Leaf, who was interested in investigating the pretensions of Madame Blavatsky. I invited them to my rooms to witness an experiment in thought transference through the agency of a hypnotised youth.

I sent the lad off to sleep in the usual way, and left him in a chair in an upper floor back bedroom under the observation of G., while Mr. Leaf and myself went to the front drawing-room on the floor below. I invited M. to write a word in some language the lad was not likely to understand. M. wrote "gessellschaft," and having looked at it, without touching the paper which M. put into his pocket, I proceeded to transfer the word to the mind of the illiterate youth sleeping in the room above, entirely out of sight and sound of us in the drawing-room. I was careful to make no sound, beyond the almost imperceptible one caused by the movement of my arms in making mesmeric passes in the direction of the sleeper.

After about ten minutes G. came down bearing a piece of paper on which the lad, while apparently still in a mesmeric sleep, had written the word, spelling it "geselshaft." It was unquestionably a marvellous performance. The investigators were delighted, and eagerly asked for more. I was quite willing to oblige, but the lad grew sulky and drowsy, and after trying for half an hour without results, we gave up the attempts. The gentleman whom I have named Leaf was very much impressed. He said very little, but gave expression to his satisfaction and surprise by numerous quiet ejaculations. The impression created on my mind was that M. and G. were very anxious to convince him of the reality of telepathy, and were perfectly satisfied.

THE SECRET OUT.

And now for an explanation of these three convincing marvels.

I will first explain the experiment with S. when the drawing was produced under the blanket.

Several attempts had been made to obtain results under these trying conditions, but without success, beyond the valuable experience and practice gained by S. and myself. We knew it was impossible to produce the picture by the ordinary codes, in which the signals were conveyed by sounds, such as quick and slow breathing, and even the gentle waft of air caused by my hand movements in making the passes, the jingle of my cuff links, and the vibration of my foot on the floor. Until they have proved it by experience, few people would believe how distinct the slightest sound becomes when the listener is waiting for and expecting it. Smith could distinguish between the slight jingle caused by the pince-nez I was always putting on and off, and the chink of my sleeve links at a distance of two yards. I may explain that the secret of this acute hearing consists in always producing the sound at the same angle to the same ear; a matter easily arranged, as I was constantly making mesmeric passes or thrusts in the direction of S.'s head.

The blanket and ear muffles, however, completely placed any sound code out of action, and as I was not permitted to get within touching distance of S. it looked as if science had at last scored. But at the third attempt we brought off our coup with brilliant success.

Like most great conjuring tricks, this was the essence of simplicity. I carried constantly, either in my hand or behind my ear, a pencil which was in frequent use for drawing the diagrams to impress them upon my mind. This pencil had a metal tube holder or protector. While studying the diagram which was to be transferred to the brain of S., I contrived to draw it on a cigarette paper and conceal it inside the protector. According to arrangement S. waited long enough to give me ample time to carry out my part of the scheme, then suddenly exclaimed, "I have it!" and began fumbling under the blanket. He then put his hands outside on to the table and felt round, remarking, "Where's my pencil?" Immediately I handed him mine.

A long and anxious wait followed, mainly occupied by S. in deciphering my drawing by the aid of one of those phosphorescent slabs sometimes placed in bedrooms as a guide to the match stand.

It gave but a feeble light, but sufficient, and within five minutes after receiving my pencil, S. emerged from his envelope with the drawing so marvellously near the original that it was alone sufficient to convince the most sceptical that telepathy was a fact.

Of course it will be understood that this trick was the result of careful rehearsal. It was undoubtedly ingenious, but I am satisfied that there are plenty of people who have come in contact with psychical researchers capable of overcoming difficulties quite as easily.

A DARING RUSE.

The explanation of the second experiment is interesting because it shows how largely the element of accident may enter into and upset the most elaborate precautionary measures. The removal of S. to a distant room quite upset our code arrangements, but as usual, we went through a show of trying, although we knew that nothing would result. The first experiments naturally failed. We got a respite till the morrow, and in the interval discussed, not very hopefully, a plan of circumventing the enemy.

"We must make Gurney the medium," S. suggested.

I saw the way out immediately.

It was sometimes necessary for S. and me to communicate during an experiment, as, for example, when I wished to convey to him that I was ready to begin, or was temporarily out of action through neuralgia—an ailment that often attacked me very conveniently in the midst of an experiment. Mr. Gurney would carry my communication to S., taking care to paraphrase my message very liberally, so as to upset the possibility of there being any secret code meaning in my wording.

The idea evolved was to place the drawing on the person of G., so that he should unconsciously carry it into the reach of the expectant S. The difficulty was how? A little thought and experiment soon found a way. We sought a cornchandler's in one of the dingy slums off Victoria Street, and under pretence of seeking a particular bean whose name we did not know, we secured from some bundles of hay a few of those tiny burrs which cling to one's clothes in the harvest field in autumn. The rest was easy. I had only to draw the figure on a cigarette paper, roll it up, stick the burrs into it, and when G. came near me put the little ball just beneath the hem of his jacket. It was a ticklish business, but luck was with us. As I was always scribbling on scraps of paper to impress the figures on my mind, it was easy to prepare the illicit drawing and arrange it for transport; besides, although M. was always with me, he had not occasion to keep me under observation, as he would have had S. been also in the room. Having got my pellet ready, I complained that S. was not trying, and Gurney came into the room to me to hear and report my complaint. At the third visit I placed the pellet at the part of his coat arranged where S. duly found it, and produced his diagram to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

The explanation of the third experiment I shall give more fully for the reason that it provides a clue for the solving of many psychic mysteries that have "taken in" not only the S.P.R., but thousands of the public generally.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page iii. of Cover.

THE COMPLICATED LIFE.

By Ward Muir.

Persons who flee to the country for seclusion make a profound mistake. In London you can be secluded. The thicker the population around you, the deeper your isolation. Take a house in a crowded London street, and your next-door neighbours will be ignorant of your name at the end of the year. Take a cottage in the country, and the whole district knows all about you in a week. Bury yourself in the country, and lo! your privacy is gone; bury yourself in Trafalgar Square, rather.

It may be feasible to live the simple life in Trafalgar Square (a stone's throw, be it noted, from anti-uric-acid restaurants and within a shilling cab fare of Harley Street, where you are operated on for appendicitis, that final initiation of the nut-eater); but the simple life is impossible in the country. Here there are complications unknown to the metropolis. Gardening, for instance—who worries about gardening in Pimlico? Drains, too—who ever dreams of the existence of drains in Mayfair? Tramps—who fears the depredations of tramps in Grosvenor Square? In the country, one's life, so far from being simple, is a whirl of novel perplexities, none of which would be tolerated for a moment in the calm of town.

And observe the peculiarity of one's position in the country. Note its nerve-destroying and bizarre defencelessness. In town, we are protected by our obscurity: in the country, we live exposed, in a blaze of limelight.

Hardly had I settled into my rustic homestead when I realised that I had fallen a victim to publicity. A widow lady invaded my study to ask me to subscribe to a diocesan fund. She was quite charming and assured. But what, I asked myself mentally, is a diocesan fund? And why should I subscribe to it? Cautious feelers uncurtained the—to me—grisly secret that a diocesan fund has something to do with the Church, with a capital C. Overwhelmed by the widow's suave flow of small-talk, I wildly clutch at my principles. No power on earth should induce me to aid a body to which I have objected almost since I was out of the cradle. In town, supposing by some freak of chance I had been attacked by a collector for "Church objects," my immediate reply would have been to show the lady or gentleman the door. More likely, the lady or gentleman would have begun the interview by asking me frankly whether I was interested in the scheme in hand. Here, in the country, no such preliminaries are considered necessary. It is taken for granted that all decent members of society belong to the Church of England and are anxious to support it.

The widow is delightful. She pours forth information about the need for funds in this diocese, and the spread of "those Dissenters"—the very people on whom I pin my faith for the future's progress! I listen, fascinated. What am I to say? Her visit is obviously friendly: it is a call, as well as a plea for help. My wife, alas! is out. She has a way of agreeing heartily with mendicants of this type and finally breaking it to them that we—she and her husband—have no money to spare: a curious twist, but useful in such situations as these. Myself, I am helpless in this woman's hands. She has five shillings out of me before I can say Jack Robinson. When she is gone, I tear my hair. Five shillings of mine dropped into the maw of the Bishops I detest!

Another lady, who informs us that she is a Primrose Dame, drops in to ask us to buy tickets for a fête in honour of the local member, who will speak on his pet subject—"Tariff Reform." My wife—I am consumed with envy at her bravery—calmly says her husband is a Liberal. The Primrose Dame wags a reproachful finger: evidently she is incredulous. My wife must be joking. "We're all good Conservatives here" is one of her favourite sentences. Query, why "good"? I should have said "bad." But this is merely another of the horrid complications of the country.

The Primrose Dame leaves two tickets for the f te behind her. We can send the money for them, she is kind enough to say. Rather than be put to the trouble of returning the tickets, we hastily produce the needful shillings. She waves a brilliant adieu.

Presently a third lady appears, selling the Parish Magazine, a dismal rag devoted to the spread of doctrines which I consider hardly short of poisonous. I am unable to tell her so, for a moment's talk betrays the fact that she is the vicar's daughter, and therefore a close relative of the poison's author. "Papa will call," she assures us encouragingly. Thank you. I will receive Papa, and tell him what I think of him and his teachings.

Of course, when Papa comes, I do nothing of the sort. As it turns out, he is a dear old fellow, whom it would be brutal to argue with; and he is enough of a man of the world to guess what his lady representative failed to imagine—namely, that we are outside his camp. He is not in the least annoyed. Why should he be? We part good friends; and, later, one observes that no further numbers of the Parish Magazine have been delivered.

A few trifling skirmishes end the preliminary campaign. One day we discover that we are expected to hang out flags of jubilation to celebrate the opening of a new church in our village—a church which is architecturally an eyesore, and is moreover a quite needless rival to the well-established Baptists, whose congregation includes the only intelligent labourers I have met. On another occasion we are invited to lend our barn for a suspiciously vocal meeting of hop-pickers, who are alleged to cherish a desire to pass a resolution condemning the Licensing Bill.

But as time passes things begin to adjust themselves, and, after all, one's neighbours are less terrible than they seemed. We, of course, are "eccentrics."

But who would care twopence about our eccentricities in town? It is only in the country that one finds one's self involved in these indecent self-revelations. The simple life is a mockery in a place where you have to be perpetually on your watch against enemies. One has no enemies in town. Peace reigns there: a peace which is unknown in the depths of rural England. Why, to descend to a severely practical point—in the country one must keep a dog to guard one's house! To a townsman, the idea of having to guard his house is unthinkable. The simple life presupposes absence of alarms. Therefore, say I, it presupposes also that its adherents dwell snug and undisturbed in the midst of streets.

My wife tells me that housekeeping in the country is at least ten times more complex than housekeeping in town. To grow vegetables in a garden is not the simple life. The simple life is to buy them at a greengrocer's round the corner. You will starve, half the year, if you depend on an English garden and—worse still—on an English gardener. Ask for eggs and butter in the country, and you are met with a stare. "It isn't the season for eggs"; and the butter is so much in demand at present that it is all sent to London. Eggs and butter in the country are as bad and expensive as—well, as fish at the seaside.

So, if you hear a country-dweller proposing to adopt the simple life, be sure that he means to move into town.

"THE COSTER AND HIS HORSE."

In reference to this matter, we have received a letter from Mr. Webb in reply to the remarks of the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which appeared in John Bull of December 19th. Webb writes:—

> I beg to point out that my poor old horse, though aged, was not "worn out and unfit for work." The veterinary surgeon at Brown's Institute, who examined it, said the very opposite, whilst Mr. C. M. Seeley, M.R.C.V.S., of Balls and Sons, the eminent veterinary surgeons, of Brixton Hill, was of opinion, after carefully examining the horse, that "it was an old one, but sound, and in good working condition," and Mr. Seeley, who was one of the witnesses on the Appeal, was prepared to state this on oath, had Mr. Wallace, K.C., required his evidence.
>
> The Society attaches importance to the fact that Mr. de Grey, the police magistrate, personally examined the horse before sentencing me to three weeks' hard labour. With all respect, Mr. de Grey is a lawyer, not a veterinary surgeon, and as a witness on veterinary matters in a Court of Law his evidence would be of no account whatever.
>
> With regard to the secretary's contention that at the Sessions the counsel for the prosecution did not "drive home his point" as to the real condition of the horse, it should be borne in mind that both the Society's inspector and Mr. Boswell, M.R.C.V.S., went into the box and gave full evidence as to the condition of the horse. I suppose they, too, "failed to drive home the point."
>
> The low price which my poor old horse fetched was to a great extent due to the fact that the prosecution proceedings were known at the sale yard, which is in the neighbourhood of the Sessions House, and this very naturally scared off would-be bidders. I should not have parted with the horse, but I had been obliged to pay my solicitor's costs before he would take my case into Court, and this left me short of money.

A HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

By ROBERT FREKE GOULD.

Past Senior Grand Deacon of England.

This great work, of which a new edition is now appearing, is an exhaustive study of everything relating to Freemasonry, its antiquities, symbols, constitutions, customs, and history; it includes a full investigation of the authentic records of the fraternity all over the world.

It is therefore a treasury of information on a subject on which expert and reliable information has hitherto been almost inaccessible.

But "The History of Freemasonry," apart from its value as a reliable work treating of all Historical and practical information relating to the Craft, is a book of the most fascinating interest, and one which will be read again and again by every Mason who wishes to keep in touch with the glorious records of his Society, as well as by the large class of general readers, to whom out-of-the-way information on a subject that is confessedly invested with mystery always appeals.

Mr. Gould has received material assistance in his work from many zealous Masons. Amongst others:

Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, M.A., Past Grand Chaplain of England (Editor of the "Masonic Cyclopædia," "Freemasons' Secrets," "Archæological Masonic Library," etc.).

Mr. DAVID MURRAY LYON, Grand Secretary of Scotland (Historiographer of the "Mother Lodge Kilwinning," the "Lodge of Edinburgh," etc.).

Mr. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, Past Grand Deacon of England.

Mr. F. T. W. CROWE, F.R.Hist. Society, Past Grand Organist of England.

The fine illustrations include 36 magnificently coloured plates, illustrating Masonic clothing and regalia, high-class etched frontispieces, and fine engravings of Masonic Marks, Medals, and Plates of Arms.

Its All-round Excellence.

Whether we consider this beautiful new edition of "The History of Freemasonry" from the point of view of its fulness of detail, the interesting and even fascinating nature of its treatment, its wealth of illustration, its excellence as to type, paper, and handsome binding, there is no doubt that the work is really worthy of a great and important body that has not hitherto received its fair share of consideration at the hands of the historian.

Two Opinions.

The Right Hon. Thomas F. Halsey (Deputy Grand Master):

"I must congratulate you on the way the work is got up, which I think most admirable. It will be a most valuable book of reference and study to all who take an interest in the Craft."

Sir Edward Letchworth (Grand Secretary):

"A decided improvement on previous editions and I hope you will have a good sale for it."

FREE INQUIRY FORM.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, detailed prospectus of the new edition of "The History of Freemasonry," full particulars of your offer to deliver the complete work in six volumes for a first payment of 2s., the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments.

Name.....

(Send this form or a postcard, mentioning "John Bull.")

Address.....

.....

THE MODERN PHYSICIAN.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

A work that justifies its claim to be a complete guide to the attainment and preservation of health—as well as a practical teacher of the nature and symptoms of all diseases—is a work to be hailed as a household friend. Such a book is "The Modern Physician," by Dr. Andrew Wilson.

"First Aid" Work.

A considerable amount of space is devoted to the teaching of "First Aid" or Ambulance Work, one of the most important movements of modern times, whereby members of the trained public are made capable of rendering efficient assistance to persons who have suffered from accidents of various kinds.

The Book for the Home.

The section devoted to Hygiene, otherwise known as preventive medicine, includes the full exposition of the laws of health, and special attention is devoted to physical culture.

Descriptions of every part of the frame will be found in "The Modern Physician," the skeleton muscles, digestive system, heart and lungs, brain and nervous system, organs of sense, skin, kidneys, etc., etc., being fully explained and illustrated.

In this connection the coloured "mannikins" or "dummies," in which the various organs overlap each other precisely as they do in the human body, are very useful in making the reading matter clear.

The section devoted to "The Family Medicine Chest" gives the description, uses and doses of drugs, as drops, lotions, ointments and gargles.

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Volume V. deals entirely with the Health and Diseases of Women. It will be found useful to mothers who wish their daughters to grow up into healthy women. Midwifery and the diseases of infants and children are fully treated.

It is safe to say that in a large household embracing human items of every age or sex, the point of doubt or difficulty, the unexpected accident or emergency, could not arise that could not be immediately and satisfactorily dealt with, with this splendidly practical work at hand. It saves its cost before it has been in use for a month.

Two Opinions.

Mr. Wm. Webb, 102, Queensland Street, Liverpool:

"'The Modern Physician' ought to be in every household in the land, and it is certainly no fault of yours should it not be so, for the price at which it is published is reasonable, and the terms of subscription exceptionally easy."

Mr. A. H. Hart, 16, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames:

"Three things especially impress me: Its up-to-date character, the simplicity of the language used, and its practical value. It is creditable alike to editor and publisher. I am proud to possess such a work."

A FREE BOOKLET.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, illustrated booklet on "The Modern Physician," and particulars of your plan whereby the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 2s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name.....

Send this form or a postcard, mentioning "John Bull."

Address.....

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SUCCESS IN BUSINESS. A REMARKABLE BOOK.

Efficiency is the note of the day in the business world; and in the "Business Encyclopædia" the practical man will find the means to this end.

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The "Business Encyclopædia" is indispensable to the young man. All contrary opinions notwithstanding, the financial prospects for well-informed men were never so good as they are now. But the young man who rises is the one who, as well as having every detail of his work at his fingers' ends, is always a point ahead. In the "Business Encyclopædia" the ambitious man will find every detail relating to the hundreds of matters on which he wishes to inform himself in order to increase his value in the commercial market.

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Every article is a Business article, and when it is pointed out that there are 12,000 references in the index, it will be obvious that every detail connected with Business is dealt with, and that all matters in question can be turned up with extraordinary facility.

What 1s. 6d. will do.*

For one-and-sixpence this great work is delivered complete; the man who acquires it will find he cannot do without it before he has had it a week. He will be constantly referring to it, and as constantly acquiring knowledge that will be of priceless value in increasing his business knowledge and efficiency.

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Mr. F. J. Campbell, Draper and Milliner, 49, Henry street, Dublin: "You will be interested to hear that I have been fortunate in securing an abatement of £400 off this year's Income Tax Assessment. This has been brought about by the careful study of the articles on Income Tax in the 'Business Encyclopædia,' and without any outside or expert help whatever.

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Mr. G. W. Marsh, Cashier, Finsbury Park Road, London, N.: "I have only had the 'Business Encyclopædia' a short time, but I have already found it very useful, especially in my capacity as Bookkeeper and Cashier."

A FREE BOOK.

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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the Practical Book and full particulars of the "Business Encyclopædia," and of your offer to deliver the complete work for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by a few small monthly payments.

Name.....

(Send this form or a postcard, mentioning "John Bull.")

Address.....

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"BUNKERED."

By F. W. Ferguson.

The hour was 2.30 a.m., and the district Putney.

He zigzagged down the pavement like a yacht tacking against a lumpy wind.

The road was deserted, and the sound of his footsteps annoyed him. He tried to walk on his toes, and the thought that he was imitating a ballet dancer made him smile. After the third fall he gave up the idea and cursed his bootmaker.

As he neared his house he kept to the railings and looked at every door for the guiding hall-light. He arrived at the end of the road, and sat down on the kerb to think.

All the houses were in darkness, and the street-lamps were rocking to and fro in an extraordinary manner. There was no doubt that the wind had extinguished his hall-light. So much for electricity! He would write to the papers about it when he arrived home.

He tried to decide the question: was his house seven up from the church or seven down from the pillar-box?

He took out his card-case to find the number. He dealt himself a nap hand and called misère. Each card was a blank. He regretted that he had not a full pack, as he fancied a game of patience.

Ah! he had it. Number 34, The Walks, or 0030 Avenue; but which was his telephone number and which his house? He pretended to ring an imaginary bell and call up the exchange.

This amused him.

"Shay, mish, 0038 Avenue—sharp."

It sounded all right. He tried the other.

"Hi shtop! Swish me on to 34 the—the—the——"

There was something wrong. He repeated a list of telephone exchanges, and came to the conclusion that none of them commenced with "the."

He lived at 34, The Walks.

He rose from the kerb in stages.

How could he find the number? He had already dropped his matches on the road, and a wave of earth had swallowed them.

The police ought to regulate houses as they regulated the traffic in the streets. The probability was that when he did find his house he would be unable to get in before it started on another circular tour.

The prospect of spending the night in running after it saddened him, and so he again sat down.

He remembered reading an account of lost people wandering in the Australian Bush until they starved to death, and he regretted that he had not bought a luncheon-basket at Waterloo.

He became maudlin as he pictured himself slowly wasting away, and then suddenly his mood changed to one of boisterous hilarity.

After search parties had given him up as lost he would appear unexpectedly, and offer himself to a music-hall syndicate as a fasting "turn."

Gad! when he had made his fortune he would buy up the road and have the numbers of the houses outlined in coloured fairy-lamps. Big ones, too! Wouldn't his neighbours be furiously jealous? As it was, his garden possessed the only privet-hedge in the road.

The privet-hedge! Thank heaven he was saved!

In five minutes he was again on his feet; in ten he had raised his hat to cheer, but visions of a sleeping form in the first-floor front bedroom restrained him. He cast a critical glance along the close-cut hedge, murmured "It's dashed fine," pushed aside the garden-gate, and crawled to the street-door.

The cold stones made his knees clatter, and he decided to have carpet laid there before breakfast next morning. A substantial door-knob helped him to rise, and he blessed a thoughtful landlord.

From his right-hand trousers pocket he took a bunch of keys, and commenced to check them off.

He stopped suddenly, and then chuckled.

"No y' don't," he said, as he pitched them into the garden, and from the opposite pocket produced a single key; "been done b'fore."

The keyhole? It was always on the same side as his watch. But which side was his watch? He felt in his four waistcoat pockets. No watch!

His chain? One, two, three buttons down. Hooray! He ran his fingers along the chain and found his watch dangling in the night air.

The fates were against him.

He had yet another guide: he kept his card-case in the pocket above his watch.

Another search. No card-case!

He crawled back to the road to find it. He would recognise the place as he remembered there was a cat sitting on the railings opposite the kerb.

Hang! The cat had disappeared, and as he returned to the door he expressed astonishment at the apparent signs of a recent paper-chase.

He found the keyhole quite easily, and deplored an unnecessary journey. With both hands he fixed the key.

The lock would not budge.

He tried persuasion and force, entreaties and curses, until his fingers were numbed and his language flat and stale.

Should he knock and wake his wife? He rejected the idea with scorn. He insisted on the right of coming home when and how he liked; but as a man and a husband he would rather freeze to death than disturb his wife's sleep.

Why hadn't he arranged to have a lift erected from the garden to the bedroom window? A window did not need a keyhole, and it was easier to open than a door.

But what of to-night?

As a last resource he would try the back-door.

Again he crawled to the garden-gate. He clutched at a post to regain his feet, and as his body rose, his eye fixed on a board standing out like a signal:

This House to Let.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, as, sobered by a shock that sent his blood running cold, he sank back in a heap, "we moved to Southend yesterday!"

THE TURKEY'S CRITICISM.

By R. de L. Galvaner.

"O come, gather around me," the old turkey said,
As all the young turkeys were going to bed,
"And I will relate, just as well as I can,
How foolish and most inconsistent is man.
Each year, in December, a day's set apart
To show how much thankfulness fills ev'ry heart;
'And how do they do it?' I hear someone say—
They do it in this most remarkable way:

"To show they are thankful for money laid by,
They spend all they've saved in the wink of an eye;
To prove they are thankful our land is the best,
They swagger about in the finest clothes dressed;
To show they are thankful for health, it is said,
They eat and they drink till they're nigh about dead;
In thanks for their rise from a cannibal state,
Last year they both killed and devoured my mate!

"In fact, in this most contradictory way,
They prove they are thankful—or that's what they say;
So you must be careful, as older you grow,
To be on your guard, lest some cannibal foe
Should seize you and cook you and eat you with glee,
Pretending it shows just how thankful is he.
But when the day's over, this year, if we live,
We'll have a grand Christmas, and thanks we will give!"

A VELVETY, LASTING LATHER

that ensures an easy shave, and a soothed skin after shaving—that is what you get by using "SHAVALLO" whether you use hot or cold water you get the same free, thick lather—a lather which does not irritate or dry upon the skin.

Shavallo,
The Ideal Shaving Soap

Avoid American and other Foreign Soaps.
SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES
SEND 1d. STAMP FOR SAMPLE to Dept. J.B.

Supplied in Ivorine Sticks and Cakes.

Sole Makers:—
JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd.,
Soapmakers to H.M. THE KING,
LONDON.

Awarded GRAND PRIX FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

HOW I CURED MY OBESITY.

A Lady's Experience: Loses 42lb. in 49 Days.

If only readers could see the letters written to me by persons of both sexes and all ages, they would then know that they need not continue to be too fat and ungainly, or too heavy and unhealthy.

In the later letters written by these persons, they speak in terms of the highest praise of my treatment for the reduction of superfluous flesh and abnormal weight. It is exceedingly pleasant to have other people confirm what I know my treatment will do for people who are too stout.

I should here like to put in a few words of personal explanation. I myself am a member of a family many of whom died prematurely after much mental and physical suffering, arising from corpulence. While studying medicine for my degree, I saw the signs of the family complaint in myself. I naturally sought to avert what I for some time feared as being my hereditary fate. It was when I had almost given up hope that I discovered a cure for my condition, which all the time grew worse, in spite of my hopeful trials of all advertised and unadvertised remedies for stoutness. I at last gave up expecting a cure from other people. I experimented with my own thought-out remedies, and, happily, at last my perseverance—or, rather, my desperation—succeeded.

With what joy I noted my daily reduction of weight! I remember my keen delight to this day. With the reduction of my weight my breathing became easy, I grew to forget that my heart beat 72 times a minute. My health and spirits improved, and my appearance became so altered that friends wondered and questioned.

Of course, I was so pleased that I told them all about it. I did not then know, or even expect, that the treatment which cured me would also cure my friends and others. But it did—and it was really because my "patient" friends advised me to do so that I decided to study and practise the profession of an obesity specialist.

The result of several years' study and experience has only served to make my treatment more and more successful. The following are actual conditions in which my treatment has proved successful, in many cases even after ordinary medical and advertised remedy treatments have altogether failed—as they did in my own case.

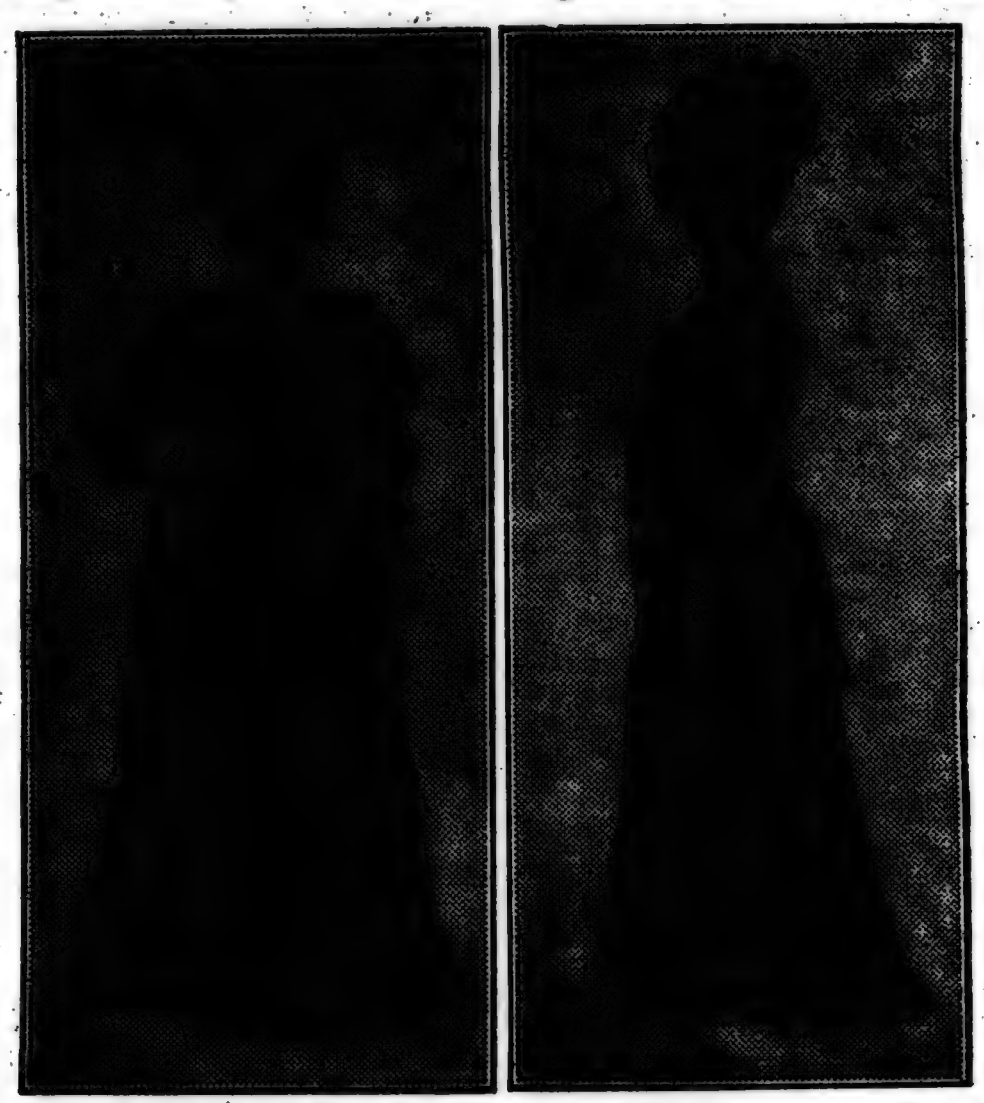
Double chin and flabby cheeks.	Physical incapacity.
Ungainly hips.	Shortness of breath.
Protruding abdomen.	Big waist.
Shapeless limbs	Husky or weak voice.
Abnormal weight.	Aged appearance.
Faults of figure.	Lack of energy and strength.
Fatty heart.	Chronic lassitude.

Because I know so well that my treatment never fails to reduce excessive size and weight, I will present

A FORTNIGHT'S TRIAL OF MY TREATMENT FREE

to all readers. I do not want a penny from anyone until the reader is himself, or herself (following actual trial), as convinced as I am that my treatment does safely reduce weight.

This, then, is what I here offer for the next seven days to readers of my statements, whose own condition is such as to make them interested. I specially invite those who have tried other remedies for reducing weight without success to write me for:—



The above illustration shows the remarkable effects of the Nelson Lloyd Safe Reducing Treatment. Full particulars of this case will be sent to all who apply for trial treatment as below.

I.—A copy of my book, "The Scientific Treatment of Obesity" (just published, price 6d.), thoroughly deals with the subject in a popular, readable style. Contents: The need for personal treatment; Irksome methods of cure condemned; Proper weight of healthy people; The cause of obesity; Why stout people die prematurely; The limited value of physical exercise; Obese people are moderate eaters; Some dangerous anti-fat methods; The acid drinking and dieting evils; Starvation proved useless; A rational, inexpensive, and pleasant cure explained and proved by convincing examples.

II.—Two photos of the lady referred to above, with her letter giving full particulars of her cure.

III.—Everything required for a complete fourteen days' free trial treatment. I make no charge for all the above, but ask you to enclose sixpence (by postal order), just to cover the expenses of carriage, packing, and dispatch of parcel.

Please remember that men or women at any age are successfully treated.

When applying, state how much weight you wish taken off, and whether the stoutness is principally at your abdomen, hips, legs, arms, or whether it is all over the body. These trial treatments are only offered to those who will promise to give them a fair trial by faithfully following my directions. All parcels are sent out in plain sealed wrappers. When writing, give your name and full address very plainly, and address me personally: J. NELSON LLOYD, 57, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Apply to-day, and you can begin your test of my methods by return of post and at my expense.—[ADVT.]

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Old Year, Esq., Limbo, England.

Dear Old Boy,—In a way I am sorry to lose you. We have had some good times together, and many hard ones, and I want to take this opportunity of thanking you for all your good intentions. It would be a gross flattery to say that there have not been occasions, and many of them, when I have been greatly disappointed with you. You have raised up for me a heap of trouble, and, if I may say so, in passing, I do think you might have arranged things a little better. However, it may be that, contrary to accepted beliefs, you are not your own master, and cannot help these things. On this account, I make full allowance for your shortcomings, and freely forgive all your sins, as I hope to be forgiven.

We have been inseparable companions for three hundred and sixty-six days, to say nothing of nights. I am now about to ring the passing-bell and order your funeral to start for the cemetery, and then all will be over between us. Even if you had been the dearest of all my years, you have reached your appointed end—as all of us must some day do. So good-bye, for ever and for ever.

John Bull.

To New Year, Esq., The Belfry, London.

Sir,—Though I have set all the bells ringing for you, I wish you plainly to understand that this is merely one of my commonplace courtesies. I have rung in your predecessors just in the same way, in order that they might feel at home as soon as they wiped their feet on the threshold. But I must tell you that, though I have welcomed them all with joy, I have had to kick several of them out with ignominy. Even Old Year, to whose obsequies I have just given my earnest attention, only escaped being a dead failure by the skin of his teeth, and though I gave him a testimonial to make the parting easier, I am not erecting a diamond-studded mausoleum or a marble statue to his memory.

It would ill become me to say anything nasty about an old servant to a young one, but you may take my word for it that if you do any worse than he did you won't even get a funeral; not out of my money, anyhow. Not that I wish to discourage you in any way; on the contrary, I hope a great deal from you. I warn you, however, against coming around at the end of the year and whining that I haven't given you half a chance. You are going to have more than half a chance, my friend. From now you are going to have all the chances that I and my friends can crowd on you, and if you don't reach out after them to help us well forward in the way of good health and good luck, you won't like my remarks twelve months from date. In the meantime, I lift the foaming glass and look towards you.

John Bull.

To Sir Charles Mathews, Director of Public Prosecutions.

Sir,—I hear that appeals are reaching you daily from poor workmen and others who have been defrauded of their Christmas expectations by bogus slate clubs—from men, that is to say (aye, and women, too!), who, with no thought of gain or greed, had hoped, by the exercise of a little thrift—coupled, alas! with a little misguided faith—to make the Christmas season just a little brighter and happier for them and theirs.

And what is your reply to one of them? You are "too much occupied" at present to deal with the matter! And, further, you have little sympathy with people who have been so reckless as to entrust their savings to these "clubs"! Not a very generous message, is it? I can but hope that some cold-blooded official of your department, and not yourself, is responsible for the wording of it. And just one word in your private ear. Don't you really think that the exposure and punishment of these frauds upon the poor and thrifty would be a better work, and would do more to justify your new office than some of the matters upon which you are at present engaged? Think it over, Sir Charles.

John Bull.

To Marie Corelli, Stratford-on-Avon.

Dear Marie,—A man was recently arrested for entering the grounds of your residence, armed with a revolver. The suggestion was that he contemplated either burglary, or the infliction of grievous bodily harm upon your person. In the police court proceedings which followed, however, it came out: (1) that he fired merely to get a sight of you; (2) that he is of weak mind; (3) that he has been a great reader of your literary productions. An unfortunate combination of circumstances! The incident is probably the result of your self-sacrificing action in printing an authorised photograph with one of your recent books. If you start playing the pranks of pretty little actresses you musn't be surprised if you suffer some of the inconveniences.

John Bull.

To the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall, Chester.

Good Gracious,—I am informed that your Grace has issued, through your agent on the Eaton estate, a notice to your pensioners over seventy that "The Government scheme of pensions takes effect on the 1st of January next, and as you are entitled to benefit by it, I am desired to inform you that you should apply at once for a pension, as the —— shillings per week now allowed you by his Grace will not be paid to you after the end of the year." Will your Grace, who inherited some £16,000,000 from your grandfather, allow me to congratulate you on this magnificent example? I am unaware how many shillings a year you will save; but I have no doubt that you will save something, and I wish you joy of it. I have little doubt that some, if not all, of these aged dependents of yours were applying for Government pensions at the time you issued your notice, and I have as little doubt that in granting them, the official Pension Committee were cognisant of the fact that they enjoyed a share of your Grace's bounty. It may be, too, that it was, or is, in your knowledge that the taking of a State pension, and the stoppage of that which you have hitherto paid them, will leave them in a worse position than they were before. I trust, therefore, that your Grace's action is unexampled in that circle of life to which it pleased your father, under Providence, to call you. The distinction you have achieved in this matter should at least be enjoyed without rivalry. Your Grace is a young man. You inherited a vast fortune built up by the golden industry of the community. Every moment increases that fortune without one single stroke of labour on your part, by brain or brawn. Without the toil of a thought, without the energy of a muscle, the industrial and commercial enterprises of the community are increasing the shining pile at every breath you draw, and now you are about to add further to its pyramidal proportions by withdrawing from your servitors the few paltry shillings per week which have hitherto been doled to them in your charity. Believe me, though your Grace hurts them, you hurt yourself still more.

John Bull.

P.S.—Have just heard that your Grace has graciously withdrawn the notice. Let us, therefore, all say grace.

To the Parishioners of Hexton, Herts.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—My condolences on the loss of that unconventional and open-hearted man, your late Vicar, the Rev. R. C. Fillingham. He was a good Radical of the true type—he supported me in my opposition to the killjoy Licensing Bill, and a very bright and blunt communication from him on that subject appeared in my columns only a few months since. He was an eloquent speaker, a wide and diligent traveller, a remarkable linguist, and a writer of trenchant prose and graceful verse. Above all, he was a parson of the best type, free from humbug and hypocrisy, ready to take his glass and smoke his pipe with any man. Had he chosen more conventional lines of action his ability would certainly have carried him far. As it is, religious and political controversies have lost an attractive and original personality, and you have lost a genial pastor and a generous friend.

John Bull.

Lumley, Chairman Thames Valley Legitimist Club, Kew.

Secretary of Protestant Alliance says you are arranging with the Pope and "the Queen over the water" to overthrow my throne and constitution. Naughty! Naughty!

Bull.

Secretary Protestant Alliance.

Have heard of your fears for my constitution. What is your present address—Hanwell?

Bull.

Castro, ex-President Venezuela, Berlin.

Hear you have now got no home to go to. Heartily recommend Jericho.

Bull.

"Broadway Swagger Set," New York, U.S.A.

Received cable informing me of your pyjama dance at fashionable restaurant. Better devote surplus funds to improving breed of asses.

Bull.

Buxton, Postmaster-General, St. Martin's le Grand, London.

Great national rejoicings on official announcement you have decided that in future telegrams addressed naval officers and men, H.M.S. shall be counted one word instead of three. What a brain!

Bull.

THE GERMAN INVASION.

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR 1909!

THE CITY.

THE WAYS OF "PARTNERSHIP AGENTS."

Day by day the following advertisement is to be seen in the advertising columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.—

> Partnership.—Advertisers introduce capital to replace, develop, or finance businesses, confidentially, by arrangement. Debentures, companies, or on liability being limited.—Principals, Messrs. Lawrence, 124, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Having read this advertisement, a reader of John Bull who wanted a loan of £50, and had abundant security to offer for it, wrote to Messrs. Lawrence and Co., and received the following reply, dated April 23rd, 1908:—

> If you call 2 to 4 o'clock Friday (to-morrow) we will arrange matters.

Our correspondent called and saw Mr. Lawrence. He paid £2 as a preliminary fee for survey and expenses, and was informed that if satisfactory the business would take about ten days to complete, and the total cost would be 5 guineas. On April 28th Messrs. Lawrence and Co. wrote:—

> Owing to press of business we have been obliged to postpone sending for a day or so.

On May 9th Mr. Lawrence called, went over the house and premises, said everything was satisfactory, and that the business would be settled in a few days.

Not having heard anything more from him, our correspondent wrote on May 20th to know what progress was being made.

In reply he was asked to call the following Monday at 2 o'clock.

On May 27th our correspondent called and paid the three remaining guineas, when Mr. Lawrence told him they had decided to redeem the present mortgage of £150 on the house and create a new one for something over £200, and hand him the balance.

Having heard nothing more from Messrs. Lawrence and Co., our correspondent wrote on June 12th to say that if the business was not settled in a fortnight he should have to make other arrangements.

On June 17th he received the following letter:—

> A Mr. Harding will call on you to-morrow afternoon *re* mortgage. Please give him all information and show him over house.

Mr. Harding called, was given all the information he asked for, and promised that the business should be shortly completed.

Having heard nothing more, on June 26th our correspondent called on Messrs. Lawrence and Co. and asked them to tell him definitely what they were going to do. They said they would try and get the business settled in a fortnight.

Nothing more having been heard from them, on July 10th our correspondent wrote demanding the return of the five guineas that had been paid.

To this no answer was received, and our correspondent put the matter in the hands of solicitors, who, on September 30th, wrote:—

> With reference to this matter, we have written Messrs. Lawrence and Co., threatening proceedings, and have called on them several times, but have been unable to obtain repayment of any part of the money you have paid.

And there the matter stands. We have satisfied ourselves that our correspondent is a respectable tradesman who offered security several times in excess of the sum he desired to borrow. He wishes the transaction to which we now give publicity to be made known in order that others, perhaps more desperately placed than himself, may be warned against applying in their necessity to Messrs. Lawrence and Co., of Bank Chambers, 124, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE, LTD.

Referring to our paragraph on this concern in our last issue, we are now informed that the Company consented to judgment for £209 9s. 11d., presumably to avoid Miss Lizzie Matilda Beech's attendance, as ordered by the Judge.

Not that the plaintiff is likely to benefit much from the judgment, as Messrs. Lack-Szyrma and Co., of 46, Rathbone Place, the Company's solicitors, have written to the plaintiff's solicitor as follows:—

> We think it right to inform you that there is a debenture for £250 covering the whole of the assets of the Company.

And these are the people who claim to be distributing thousands of pounds every week to a happy clientèle!

VANGUARD MOTOR 'BUS COMPANY.

An attempt is being made by certain large shareholders in this company to obtain a compulsory winding-up and the appointment of an independent liquidator, a course that has much to recommend it. Few things in recent company history have been more discreditable than the history of motor 'bus promotion illustrated by the record of this company. The companies which were amalgamated with the Vanguard Company were formed between January, 1905, and October, 1906, and during the whole of the period from their formation up to the present time, no accounts have been rendered to the shareholders by the directors of any of these companies or of the Vanguard Company, except in the case of the London Motor Omnibus Co., Ltd., in which a balance-sheet up to June, 1906, only was furnished. The amounts received from shareholders of the several companies were as follows:—

In the London Motor Omnibus Co., Ltd.....	£256,566 10 0
In the London and District Motor 'Bus Co., Ltd.	68,692 1 0
In the Motor 'Bus Co., Ltd.....	140,818 13 0
In the London & Provincial Motor 'Bus & Traction Co., Ltd.	72,382 6 0
Making a total of.....	£538,459 10 0

This does not take into account the money received by promoters and others for sale of shares sold at a premium. The traffic receipts, too, have to be accounted for, and they must have amounted in the three years to something not far off a million sterling, so there is about 1½ millions for which no account, with the small exception before referred to, has ever been rendered.

NORTH WALES IRON AND MANGANESE CO., LTD.

We have before us the balance-sheet and profit and loss account of this company for the year ended September 30th last. It is a very unsatisfactory document, whether we look at it in its totals, or examine its details. For example, in the assets we find the following item:—

> Amount due from W. I. Company in liquidation £962 13s. 6d.

This company failed in May last, and the item should be on the debit side, there being very little likelihood of any portion of the £962 13s. 6d. ever reaching the coffers of the company. Then we have:—

> Preliminary expenses as per last account £700.

This is an asset not worth 1s.

In profit and loss account we find this mysterious item:—

> Amount written off account of British Manganese Company against 700 tons of ore taken from them, £196 7s. 6d.

What does it mean? Then we have:—

> Depreciation written off, £557 2s. 11d.

This is not 1 per cent. And the chartered accountants responsible for the accounts intimate that:—

> No provision has been made with regard to depreciation on the interest in mineral lands.

A proper depreciation under this head would be £3,375. Mr. Turner, a shareholder with expert knowledge of the manganese trade, stated at the general meeting that the ore is costing the company 19s. 3d. per ton at Ellesmere Port, and that on the board's own valuation of 6d. and 7d. per unit, the most they can get for it is 17s. per ton. It seems to us that the company is "buying and selling and living by the loss."

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT CO.

We have received a circular, signed by the managing director, in which the information is officially conveyed that the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd., becomes amalgamated with the London and Provincial Insurance Co., Ltd., which is a life assurance company. Part of the terms on which this amalgamation is made is that the London and Provincial Company undertakes and guarantees all the obligations of the Provincial Homes Investment Company to its certificate holders.

CARTER'S DEEP LEADS.

Further Good News from the Mines.

The following cable has been received from the Manager: "Rise into wash samples gold per fathom 30 pennyweights"; and the office note upon this cable is: "Taking the lead, say, at 440 yards wide, a very moderate estimate, this value would give £1,161,600 per mile. We have nearly 30 miles of lead."

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.—P. H. (Macclesfield).—No, there is no further liability. This stock represents a very sound security, and, if you are content with the return, you can hardly do better than buy some.

BEST BUILDING SOCIETY.—E. D. (Hampstead).—One of the best is the Perpetual, of New Bridge Street.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANK.—H. W. C. (Clapham).—We cannot undertake to give you "a list of holders of London and County Bank shares with respective number of shares held." You can get this information up to a certain date upon application to Somerset House.

MINT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.—MINT. (Southampton).—(1) You should apply to the liquidator. (2) We cannot advise purchase of the mining shares you name.

INTERNATIONAL GOLD BONDS, LIMITED.—M. G. M. (West Kilburn).—(1) It seems a one-horse show. If you have the opportunity of selling, we should do so. (2) We thank you for your good wishes.

FARROW'S BANK.—J. A. M. (Finsbury Park).—(1) Yes. (2) We cannot recommend purchase of the cab shares.

RHODESIA GOLD FIELDS.—J. F. T. (Knollys Road).—We quite agree. We will deal with the matter by and bye.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.—A. L. (Castleford).—We can add nothing to your information of a reassuring character.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—BOLINGBROKE (Richmond).—We cannot advise dealings with them. BOMB (Bradford).—We have never suggested that occasionally persons who send money to outside brokers, to speculate with on the Stock Exchange, do not win money and receive it. In the huge majority of cases, if they win, they are not paid, and, oftener than not, they have not even a show of winning. You must bear in mind that the advice that touting brokers give to their clients to buy this or to buy that is, in the circumstances, advice which, if justified by the event, must militate against their own apparent interests, seeing that their interest is opposed to that of the man they advise. T. M. (Birmingham).—The two firms you name are among the most respectable, but the first has been hard hit of late.

VARIOUS SOCIETIES.—A P. (Wigan).—You may rely upon it that the societies we name as not sound are unsound. We do not quite follow the other part of your letter. Is there anything you want us to do?

CYCLE SHARES.—T. R. T.—We should be inclined to sell, and cut the loss.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—X. Y. H. N. (Bradford).—We have not sufficient information to advise you.

TWENTIETH CENTURY EQUITABLE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—E. S. W. (Burry Port).—We know nothing against it.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Leeds).—We know of no reason for amending the opinion we have expressed in previous issues.

LEVIATHAN GOLD MINES.—C. N. (Bletchingley).—We note that you have received the certificate at last.

W. SOUTHWELL-YOUNG.—L. L. (Ruabon).—The fire is the place for the circular you send us.

CALICO PRINTERS' PREFERENCE SHARES.—T. B. (Norwich).—Yes, but we should have preferred another selection.

GLENROCK SHARES.—W. A. A.—We should not throw good money after bad. We return your papers.

ANGLO-CONTINENTAL INVESTMENT SYNDICATE.—H. W. W. (Thornbury).—Your better way is to accept the offer made by these people in their letter of August 18th to return you the money you paid them. Have nothing to do with the Servian Red Cross Bond. We return your papers.

HAMBURG LOTTERIES.—SPECULATOR (Glasgow).—The tone of your letter leaves a good deal to be desired. As to Mr. Goldenberg, we have no reason to doubt that he is an accredited agent, but we do not advise sending money for lottery tickets.

GRAND TRUNK GUARANTEED FOUR PER CENT.—J. R. C. (London).—You could hardy want a safer.

SETLAGOLA GOLD AND DAMARALAND COMPANY, LIMITED.—C. J. S. (Dijon).—We have no information respecting this company. We thank you for your kindly reference to JOHN BULL, and are glad to know that it is appreciated in France.

GENERAL UNION MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—SUB (Bristol).—We have no information.

LIST OF STOCKBROKERS.—R. D. (Leeds).—We cannot tell you where you could get a list of stockbrokers for 1837, but possibly the Secretary of the Stock Exchange might help you.

BRITISH WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC SHARES.—P. B. F. (Chertsey).—We should be inclined to sell, and cut the loss.

BRADFORD DYERS' ASSOCIATION.—J. B. M. (Funchal, Madeira).—We should hold for the present. DRAPER (Stoke Newington).—No.

UNITED KINGDOM FEDERATION.—G. A. P. (Kingsheath).—We cannot recommend it.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—L. H. (Walworth Road).—We cannot recommend depositing where such a high rate of interest is promised.

OWNERS, LIMITED.—R. P. (Walthamstow).—We have no information respecting the position of this society.

CHAMPION AND SLER.—BELLE (Gillingham).—They represent a very speculative purchase.

LONDON AND COUNTIES EXCHANGE.—A. R. (Glasgow).—Have nothing to do with the "bi-marginal system" or any other of the kind.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—B. S. (Colchester).—Your friend has been unlucky, but the Trust can hardly be blamed for that. We have repeatedly expressed our confidence in this Trust, which has a long record of useful work behind it. As to the standing and reputation of the company, it is high. It issues certificates in every department, and for any period from 5 years to 30 years. The latter is a very long term, which we do not favour, but it does undoubtedly meet the circumstances of those who cannot afford to pay a higher subscription. As to your friend not having a draw in ballot, he must take his chance like the rest. When you say that you have never heard of a draw in the "South," this covers a large area, but we have seen copies of letters received from Brighton, Ryde, Bournemouth, Bath, and many other places, which prove conclusively, if that were necessary, that these draws are frequent. The Trust has no control over the drawings, and, although you may consider it unfortunate that your friend has not been successful, that is not a matter the Trust could remedy.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA.—J. R. K. (Chancery Lane).—We are obliged to you for the circular.

MERSEY RAILWAY CONSOLIDATED ORDINARY STOCK.—J. T. (Sheffield).—We should sell, if you can do so.

EMPIRE BUILDERS, LIMITED.—W. R. (Kingston-on-Thames).—The avowed object is excellent. As to how the company attempts to put it into practice, we have no information.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—E. E. N. (Bristol).—We have no reason to doubt the solvency of the institution, but we do not advise deposits with people offering such high rates of interest.

CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE.—H. T. C. (Southend).—We note your complaint. Let us see the correspondence when the matter is completed. J. E. D. (Castleford).—We have gone through the correspondence, which we return you under cover. The only thing you can do is to take action for recovery of the sum you claim, which would probably be met by pleading the Gaming Act. B. L. (Leeds).—Ditto. R. W. (Solihull).—We refer you to what we said in our last issue. W. R. T. (St. John's Wood).—See previous answer. PINFOLD (Pinfold).—The answer to both your questions is in the negative. A. B. (Leicester).—We fear we cannot help you. Write them again, threatening proceedings, and let us know what they say.

LONDON MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY.—G. C. (Bloomsbury).—Yes, certainly sell if you can. G. C. (Bloomsbury).—We should sell.

CENTRAL ADVANCE AND DISTRICT CORPORATION.—D. B. (Highgate).—No.

NEW WEBAL ELIZA CONSOLS, LIMITED.—L. B. H. (Stanstead).—We cannot advise adding to your interest. We return your papers.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—SURVEYOR (Manchester).—It is not in the front rank, but is carefully managed.

STANDING OF ASSURANCE COMPANY.—SLOUGH (Bucks).—We think you may join it without apprehension.

THE BRITANNIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. A. (Hither Green).—We have your further letter, but we have nothing to add to our previous answer.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—ENQUIRER (Walthamstow).—Yes.

THE NATIONAL GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—B. A. S. (Leeds).—The company is a very young one, only having been established in 1907. Its authorised capital is one million, of which £195,258 is subscribed in shares of £1, of which 5s. were called up on December 31st, 1907. The company transacts accident, burglary, and fire insurance.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. E. L. (Sydenham).—We think not.

LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. S. A. (Bexhill-on-Sea).—We will make inquiries.

UNITED KINGDOM WORKERS' SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.—J. B. S. (Norton-on-Tees).—We will make some inquiries, and let you know.

THE ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—R. A. (Stockwell).—The company transacts life and industrial business, and is prosperous.

TWO INSURANCE POLICIES.—PROVISION MERCHANT (Commercial Road).—If, as you say, you have the opportunity of transferring without loss, we should certainly advise you to do so. We do not like American insurance companies.

LIVERPOOL, LONDON AND GLOBE.—G. F. B. (Acton).—Yes, certainly. It is one of the greatest insurance companies in the Kingdom.

NEW ERA ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—READER (Nottingham).—We can see your view, and sympathise with it, but we think it is a matter upon which you should consult your solicitor.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. E. G. (Leicester).—You cannot go far wrong in dealing with this company.

ROYAL LONDON AND MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—THRIFT (Griffithstown).—It is a society of high standing. The particulars you ask for would be better got from the secretary.

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—B. R. (East).—It would be quite safe.

SALVATION ARMY ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. H. (Willesden).—Better leave it to members of the Salvation Army.

POSITION OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. P. F. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—(1) If there was a contract to pay once a year, they cannot compel you to pay now. (2) The position of the company is weak.

EQUITABLE INSURANCE SOCIETY OF UNITED STATES.—E. A. B. (Wolverhampton).—It is safe enough, but you should have been content with an English company.

METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—B. F. K. (Ipswich).—Yes, it is an office of the highest rank, being one of the four mutual non-commission offices, and it has consistently returned large profits to its select class of policyholders. The incidence of mortality has always been favourable. About 40 per cent. of the total premiums was returned to policyholders in 1907.

THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—G. MACF. (Brixton).—We cannot advise you to become a member. G. R. (Palmer's Green).—We will make some inquiries, and let you know.

BRITISH MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—E. S. (Bedford).—We think you have grounds for the view you are inclined to take.

THE BRITISH WIDOWS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. W. P. (Warrington).—We think not.

THE ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. F. (Dorchester).—Our advice to you is not to pay any more money into this concern.

REFUGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—FIXED BAYONET (York).—We presume you mean the Refuge Assurance Corporation, although you speak of the "Refuse." It does a very large industrial, as well as life assurance business, and is financially very strong.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. H. (Redcar).—It is impossible for us to go into the merits of the dispute between you and the company as to accounts which appear to have been closed as long ago as 1903, and, had it been otherwise, we could give you no useful opinion upon the point. If you have a claim against the company, and they will not recognise it, your only course is to proceed in the ordinary way by action.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—ENQUIRER (Highbury).—We think you should remain in.

EXCELSIOR SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—T. Q. (East Ham).—We are unable to recommend it.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—S. R. (Kilburn).—We do not like thirty-year bonds, but the association has shorter ones. T. R. (Burry Port). We do not see your grievance. You had a bond for £300, which you desired to reduce, and you have been placed in precisely the same position as if you had originally taken two certificates—one for £200 and one for £100—and had allowed the smaller of these to lapse. We have no doubt the association would be ready to revive the lapsed £100 certificate at any time within five years, and would give you credit upon revival for every penny paid. R. J. T. (Worcester).—The association has been established for some thirty years, is well managed, and financially strong. We return your papers. T. N. (Handsworth).—You complain that, after paying to this association for twelve months, you desired to transfer your bond to a brother, but the company refused to sanction the transfer on the ground of disparity of age. It seems to us they are entitled to take this objection. The transfer of a certificate, under the present rules, as explained in the prospectus you send us, is usually granted to a person—not a minor—whose age does not materially exceed that of the present holder. You asked the company to transfer your certificate from yourself, aged 23, to your brother, aged 40, and this they decline to do. You appear to question their right, but it is clearly stated in the prospectus to which you direct our attention that the transfer must be subject to the approval by the directors of the proposed transferee. If a proposal was submitted from a person whose age did not materially exceed that of the present holder, say, in your case, not exceeding 30 years, the company would no doubt assent to the transfer. The fact that the certificate provided for a return of all subscriptions in the event of the death of the transferee renders it necessary that the company's interests should be protected against the acceptance of lives which, by reason of increased age, or impaired health, would place upon the company a materially greater risk than that existing under the certificate before transfer. T. D. (Rotherham).—There is no reason why you should not do business with this company, which is well established and financially strong.

BRITISH HOMES INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—A READER (Kettering).—We do not advise you to go to the County Court, because we consider you have no case. You say you became a subscriber to the company because an agent assured you that, if you found a suitable house, the company would at once grant you the specified advance (although you had not been a member anything like five years), provided you paid a sum equal all told to five years' subscriptions. You saw a house you would like to buy, and made application to the company. You were then told that the advance could not be made because you had not been a member five years, and your attention was directed to a clause in your policy which reads: "The holder of this certificate will be entitled to an advance for the full amount for which it is issued after five years from the date of same, in accordance with the usual conditions." That is plain enough. You say you did not read the policy, and you relied upon the statements of the agent. Precisely. You did what is being done by hundreds of other people every day in the week, but if you (and they) choose to listen to agents who are notoriously imaginative, and ignore the written stipulations of the company, by which they are bound, you (and they) do so at your own risk.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"**Disciples of Plato,**" by F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall (Nash: 6s.), is written with all the ease and good humour which we are accustomed to associate with the author of "As in a Looking Glass." The heroine is a foolish young married woman who imagines that she can indulge in a harmless flirtation with an irritating Bohemian, and there would be nothing very striking in the narrative if these characters were less wonderfully lifelike. As it is, the thinness of the plot is forgotten amid the exquisite little epigrams and fanciful conceits, in the conception of which the authors excel. I have often wondered why Mr. Philips should have been so long silent after making for himself a notable reputation as a novelist. Now that he has broken the ice, I hope it may not be long before he makes up his mind to plunge again.

As "**That Girl,**" by Ethel Turner (Unwin: 6s.), is all about children, I suppose it was intended to be a story for children. I cannot, however, imagine anyone of any age wading through the tedious beginning or finding any pleasure in the twaddle which pads out the body of the book. What child would look at this while Nesbit remains to be bought for love or money?

"**Desire,**" by E. L. Silberrad (Constable: 6s.), has the quality of being unusual, and the heroine is pleasantly irresponsible. Her character is etched with very fine lines, but just as we are beginning to fall in love with her we are introduced to the tedious, sombre lives of a family of potters, who may have been photographed very accurately, but still remain repellent. Desire's intrusion into their lives, and eventual infatuation for a sort of honest apprentice, is as improbable as it is offensive. Altogether, the book might have been much better than it is, even though it does compel one to persevere to the end. The grammar is often shaky, and I found a persistent use of "who" for "whom."

"**The Angel,**" by Guy Thorne (Ward, Lock: 6s.), must have been written when he was Dark. It is no better and no worse than Mr. Dark's other works, even though it was completed "under the shadow of Giotto's Campanile," and is heralded by a portentous preface about Huxley, Darwin, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Kelvin, Plato, and "the Unseen, which is all around us, and which—more probably than not—is the real world, after all, and one in which we, as we are now, walk as phantoms and simulacrums of what we shall one day be in the glorious hereafter." The book might be summed up as philosophy and water, or, better still, spirits and water.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Pantomimes Worth Seeing.

The reform of the pantomime is in full swing; and this beneficent movement has not arrived before its time. For too long, rampant vulgarity and garish colour have held sway in our Christmas entertainments. I do not deny that we have enjoyed them, notwithstanding; in fact, some of us, perhaps, have enjoyed them the more because of their many defects than because of their few virtues. But we ought not to have enjoyed them, except in so far as we ought to enjoy everything at Christmastide, even out-of-date comedians, early Victorian schemes of decoration and Noahic jokes, not to speak of ill-fitting stage garments and horribly mis-shapen stage noses. It may be argued that pantomimes, being nominally intended to please the children, and no healthy child being able to refrain from smiles at an unusually ugly man, or a peculiarly bad jape—especially if it entails one sitting on a pin or falling over an imaginary nail, or hitting someone over the head with a noisy instrument—and babies being notoriously drawn to persons wearing funny neckties, and to the louder sort of oleograph, the theatre managers did well to meet the assumed demand. But the normal child likes fairy tales better than anything else; and for many years past in our pantomimes the villainous comic and the too zealous scenic artist and stage manager have gone near to swamping the fairy-tale by bad acting and worse singing and too vigorous a "realism" of production. Thanks be to God, the end of this misuse of golden opportunities seems to be drawing near.

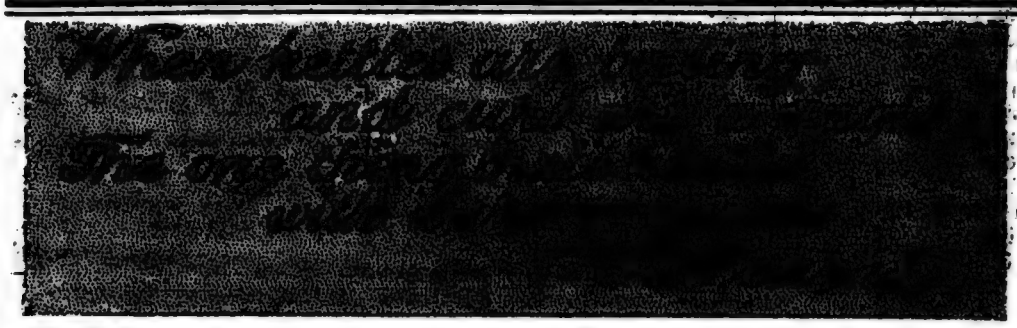
In West End and Suburbs.

Messrs. Robert Courtneidge and George Edwardes, aided and abetted by Messrs. Alec Thompson and Haines, at the Adelphi, seem to have rung the death-knell of the old-style pantomime in so far as it was a horror, and to have created in its place a thing of real beauty. The Adelphi "Cinderella," with its clear story, bright yet dainty scenic effects, inventive, fancy and real humour, is the high water mark of London pantomime. The Lane pantomime also is veering the same way; and not less attractive than its magnificence of scenery and mechanical triumphs ("regardless of expense"), is the fine *personnel* of the Lane company. "Dick Whittington" is Mr. Arthur Collins' best Christmas show so far; and this, like the Adelphi panto, must on no account be missed. The Lyceum lives on the crowd; but here also the hand of the School Board has made its mark. A more coherent plot, a less reliance on stage trick, and a greater reliance on genuine art, are the keynotes of the entertainment compared with what we should have looked for in the same direction, say, five years ago. The managerial instinct in all these cases is quite sound. The public likes pantomime, partly because of its seasonable associations, partly because it is a chaotic sort of show in which many clever people, whose work for the rest of the year is hedged about with limitations, are now let loose, so to speak, to amuse us after their own bent. But just as another American musical comedy as good as "The Belle of New York" would have small chance to-day in London, so a Christmas panto only as good as the best of Gus Harris's would mean no dividend for the shareholders of Drury Lane. Elementary education, the popularisation of fine work, especially fine music and fine pictures, are beginning to tell their tale; and the present pantomimes are witnesses to the fact. Among the outlying pantos I can commend particularly those of the Kennington Theatre and Mile End Pavilion. At the last-named show there is some extremely fine vocalism, whilst the Kennington entertainment all round is capital.

P.

NURSERY RHYMES.—No. I.

Lloyd George Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get a poor man a pension.
When he got there,
The cupboard was bare;
And he said things I don't care to mention.



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ON SALE AT
PEARKS' STORES.
BRANCHES IN EVERY LOCALITY.
Head Office: 6 BAYER ST., LONDON, E.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

What To Do With Sale Bargains.

Of course the first thing is to exercise the wisdom of the serpent over expending one's money at those thrilling functions. —sales. It is no use burdening oneself with tumbled finery—damaged splendour—no matter how cheap it sets up to be. Sometimes, indeed, that sort of thing is seen marked at such sweeping reductions, the temptation is great to buy the rubbish and trust to heaven that it will come in somehow some day. In this age of high-waisted frocks, a stinted blouse length often makes quite a nice-looking blouse for wear with an Empire or corselet skirt. An oddment of beautiful silk or of lace may thus be utilised in the most up-to-date "rig-out" imaginable, for the latest Paris type of gown—the Sheath, which is as straight up and down as possible—usually has the belt of the skirt up somewhere near the arm-pits. There are some things that should always be secured if they are going at real bargain prices—those articles that may be called the necessities of life in the dress line—such as gloves, ribbons, laces, ties, belts, stockings. If she do not live in a modern flat, and so have somewhere to store things, the practical housewife will attend to the needs of the linen-chest while "reductions" are in swing. The people *par excellence* to whom sales are happy hunting-grounds are thrifty-minded mothers with a quiver full of kiddies to clothe.

To Wed or Not to Wed.

Each year we hear more of the falling marriage-rate, and every now and then people begin to seek frantically for reasons why young men are not so willing to take on the yoke of matrimony as were their fathers. But there is another side to the question: Is it not possible that the greater independence of women has a little to do with the matter? I believe our sentimental grandsires would have been horror-stricken had they realised how often their proposals were viewed merely as a way by which a girl could secure her future livelihood. Of course, when a damsel had no fortune and no profession, she had to look to marriage for getting her bread-and-butter. But now a considerable proportion of middle-class girls are trained to be self-supporting, and many feel that only if they fall desperately in love will they renounce the careless freedom of single life; and a *grande passion* does not come to all—fortunately! A man who can persuade a girl to give up an earned income of, say, £200 a year and a latchkey—which means an interest in life—has good reason to be proud of his own attractions. I fancy that, broadly speaking, women are far better contented to be without masculine society than men are to be without that of women. It has always been hard for the lords of creation to credit that every woman does not hanker after matrimony—witness the proverb, "A bad husband is better than none." There is an amusing little story of a wise old politician whom Edward VI. sent to persuade his sister Elizabeth—afterwards the Virgin Queen—to accept one of several suitors. Elizabeth most carefully explained her aversion to marriage, yet that old man came away asserting that her objections could only spring from "maiden shamefacedness." That old gentleman who thought he knew such a lot has many prototypes even now, and I daresay always will have, world without end. But anyone who knows the modern self-supporting young woman intimately will readily declare that in many cases their single lives are not "willy-nilly."

Home Made Buttons.

Never have buttons been so *en evidence* as they are in the world of fashion this winter. Sometimes the smartest of Directoire gowns will rely upon them almost entirely for decoration. Generally buttons that are used in such quantities are content to be made of simple velvet, or of the dress material itself. But it is a field in which the taste and imagination can be allowed unlimited range, and many women skilful at embroidery are turning out the most delightful little works of art under the prosaic name of buttons.

"For the Person with One Saucepan."

A kindly London correspondent approves of Mrs. Bull's effort to give a few recipes, not for use in an imposing kitchen, but for the rising genius who as yet lives in a garret. This lady says she would gladly help anyone who would bring out a cookery book with the title that heads this paragraph, and sends Mrs. Bull a few sample recipes. As they appear both tasty and simple a couple are gladly here presented.

Buy a few pieces of beef steak—add three or four onions, salt, pepper, and mustard, and about a coffee cup full of haricot beans that have been soaking in cold water for over ten hours. Put in saucepan, cover with cold water, stew for one hour. Potatoes and carrots may be boiled separately.

Another Small Dish.—Pick and boil three pounds of spinach quickly in boiling water. Put in a flat dish (or frying-pan) and fry in dripping two thin slices of bacon, turning them often. Also fry two or three slices of liver, cut thin, and well rub with flour before being put into the pan. Lay in the spinach and add the gravy. This is made by adding to the fat etc., in the pan, a teaspoonful of flour and a little mustard mixed smooth with either vinegar or water and allowed to boil for a few minutes.

THE ONE I PREFER
BRITISH AND BEST
Why buy American Shaving Soaps when "ERASMIC" is British and best?
DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE.
Now supplied in ELEGANT NICKEL CASE at
10d. per Stick.
Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.
You can prove its superiority by sending 3d. stamps for BIJOU SAMPLE STICK.
The ERASMIC Co. Ltd., Dept. K, WARRINGTON.
"Erasmic"
SHAVING STICK

A Smart Overcoat—

is not necessarily a new one. It is far less expensive to have your old coat cleaned and renovated, and the result is almost as satisfactory. It only takes a few days, and we can guarantee you a satisfactory result at moderate charges, ranging from 3s. 6d. Apply to one of our Agents or Branches throughout the country (the address of the nearest depôt sent on application), or send direct to us and we will pay return carriage. If in London ring up **1265 East**, and our van will call the same day

ACHILLE SERRE, LTD.
(Nettoyage à Sec)
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.

BIRKBECK BANK
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
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SHORTHAND
The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study and produces the highest speed. Awarded 11 Gold Medals. Illustrated Handbook with specimen lesson free.
Handbook Dept., Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Government has made the most of its hop-portunities.
That President Castro's "reigny" days are over.
That the Australian cricketers really *are* amateurs.
That Mrs. Carrie Nation has "buried the h-tchet."
That England will soon have a peerless Government.
That the present policy in India is "Coerce-ahun."
That Brighton does not appreciate "sovereign" remedies.
That Victor Grayson is ready to forgive the House of Commons.
That President Roosevelt cares what the *World* thinks.
That the Lords have heaped "Coals" on the head of the Government.
That there is such a thing as a "new and original" pantomime.

A shop for the sale of airships has been opened in New York, the cheapest supplied costing £20,000. Send for samples.

"The Mission of Woman" has just been published. It's the submission of woman we're waiting for.

"Mr. Roosevelt might feel more at home editing a powder magazine," says the *New York American*. He is used to being blown up.

The thieves who broke into a church near Toulon, and stole the bell, made a sound investment.

"Why Some Girls do not Marry" is the title of an article in a contemporary. The answer is, because some girls *do*.

A one-act comedy entitled, "A Blank Cheque," has been "presented" at the Empire Theatre, and duly "honoured."

The Japanese Censor has prohibited the importation of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and Macaulay's Essays as pernicious books. We must read them again.

The difference between a lord and a lady is one of spelling—the veto and the veto.

The Income Tax Reduction League is active. Good; there are too many taxi's.

The advertisers of "Lemco" state that it is "priceless." We must order some.

SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS:—
The Unemployed will get to work at once.
Our Judges will try their best.
The Peers will adopt a "survival of the fittest" policy.
The Sultan of Turkey will not trifle with his Constitution.
The Suffragettes will try "Home Comforts."
Mr. Asquith will mark the year by resignation.
Stockbrokers will settle their differences.
Bill Sikes will get into a new house.
Chess-players will keep moving.
Mr. Lloyd George will take care of the pence.
Cricketers will not get "put out."
Motorists will "take their own time."
The pickpocket will take things easy.
The Kaiser will invent a new temperance drink.
Members of the Cabinet will "stick to their posts."
JOHN BULL will get about more than ever.

The Chelmsford Guardians have declined to include a vegetarian menu in the workhouse dietary. They think it is not meet.

The entrance to Fun City, Olympia, is in Blythe Road. Ha, ha!

Mr. Gamage predicts "aerial delivery" for parcels in the near future. What's the matter with the present area-l system?

According to Sir Robert Anderson, if you hang a criminal, your judgment is final. It is also a "final execution."

A horse is running on the Turf called "Whiskey Glass." Naturally, it sometimes "goes down." And why "whiskey"? We don't talk of "brandey."

The *Drapery Times* placard announces "Furs and Fraud." "Fur" is the Latin for "Thief."

When Lady Gordon says that man is fully as interesting as woman, of course she means much more.

From the fact that the War Office is offering prizes for motors, it is evident that the deadly nature of the machines is beginning to be recognised.

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS:—
To the Premier.—A glimpse of the Passed.
To Austria.—A slice of Turkey.
To Dorando.—A pick-me-up.
To Mr. Runciman.—A copy of "Holy Orders."
To Wilbur Wright.—A feather to fly with.
To Lord Alfred Douglas.—An English Grammar.
To Victor Grayson.—A reseat in full.
To Harry Lauder.—A money box.
To Peter the Regicide.—A smart turn-out.
To Mr. Lloyd George.—A dumb-belle.
To Mrs. Carrie Nation.—A nightcap.
To Maud Allan.—A "close" season.
To Ferdinand of Bulgaria.—Half-a-crown.
To Imre Kiralfy.—A White Elephant.

The lady mayor of Aldeburgh says she will be "a motherly sort of housekeeper to the town." Its lady-*mire*, in fact.

FREE
TO ALL WHO USE
LEMCO

Mothers, cooks, nurses, sportsmen, and travellers will hail with delight the Lemco-Thermos Flask now offered (by arrangement with Thermos, Ltd.) to LEMCO users—FREE

Height of Flask 10 inches.—Capacity One Pint.—Ordinary Price One Guinea.

The Lemco-Thermos Flask

keeps Lemco—or Lemco and milk—hot for 24 hours without heat—without chemicals—without cost—without attention—and in any temperature.

¶ The Lemco Thermos Flask cannot deteriorate with use or get out of order. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. In the sickroom or night nursery it enables you to have hot Lemco and milk always ready.

¶ On the long, cold railway journey or during the chilly motor ride, the Lemco Thermos Flask will prove not merely convenient—but indispensable.

Lemco is Pure, Fresh Beef

From two little ounces of Lemco you can make sixteen breakfast cups of rich nourishing, appetising bouillon.

¶ The fretful child, the ailing woman, the nerve-racked man will find in Lemco and milk a stimulant, a digestive, and a strengthener of the utmost value.

¶ In the kitchen Lemco is unexcelled; Francatelli, the late Queen Victoria's Chef, extolled it as the finest stock. Lemco is, in short, pure, fresh beef in the most perfectly concentrated form sold.

How to get the Lemco Thermos Flask—FREE.

To each user of Lemco sending, before Dec. 31, 1909, Weight Coupons representing 7 lbs. of Lemco we will forward a Lemco Thermos Flask FREE and carriage paid.

Customers wishing to obtain a flask sooner may send 5 lbs. Weight Coupons and deposit of 7/6
Or 3 lbs. Weight Coupons and deposit of 10/-

The deposit will be returned on receipt of balance of Coupons. Weight Coupons will be found under capsule of each jar.

Insist on "Lemco," which is the original and only genuine Liebig Company's Extract of Beef—don't ask for Liebig's Extract.

Lemco Bonus Office, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

SANDORIDES

2OZ'S 1/3 MILD OR MEDIUM

Lucana MIXTURE

4OZ'S 2/6 MILD OR MEDIUM

A TOBACCO OF SUBTLE CHARM

Lucana Mixture is the limit of luxury in Pipe-smoking. It is made from pure and selected leaf, the thick stalk being carefully eliminated, giving a cool and healthy smoke. It is, in fact,

THE TOBACCO YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR

PACKED IN PATENT VACUUMISED TINS AND SOLD BY LEADING TOBACCONISTS EVERYWHERE, OR POST FREE DIRECT FROM

W. SANDORIDES & Co LD

5, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W

SCOTLAND'S PICTURESQUE CAPITAL.

CARLTON HOTEL,

EDINBURGH.

Adjoining Waverley Station, which is reached by elevator from all floors.

A REFINED & LUXURIOUS HOTEL.

Magnificent Public Apartments. Large and Comfortable Bedrooms.

Lighted by Electricity. Heated by Steam Radiators.
Baths on all Floors. Lifts. Garage.
High-class Cuisine and Wines.

Excursions. Golfing. Fishing.

Facilities for Receptions, Banquets, Balls and Weddings.

INCLUSIVE WINTER TARIFF

Now in operation.

10/- per day.

3 Guineas per week.

FURTHER REDUCTIONS for VISITORS not STAYING LESS THAN a MONTH.

Telephones: 1771 & 02970. R. C. VAUGHAN. General Manager

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

To THE SECRETARY,
LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD.,
Basildon House.
Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

Please send me gratis and post free your book, entitled "Modern Banking and Investment"

Name .....

Address .....

[JOHN BULL Coupon.] .....

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

WE HAVE to return thanks to those numerous readers who have sent us beautiful Christmas and New Year cards. These tokens of good feeling are, under existing circumstances, very welcome.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Special Notice.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* enquiries *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* only those of general interest *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

H. J. M. (Leyton) and 200,000 other readers have suggested a biscuit for ourselves for our placard :—

JOHN BULL.
Edited by Horatio Bottomley.
THE ORIGIN OF SIN.

It is wonderful how they responded to the bait. God bless 'em.

W. P. Rate, of Ottawa, who has been with a party of surveyors in Alaska, reports (in Victoria, B.C.) that one of his company had an encounter with a grizzly, in which the man rolled down a glacier in the embrace of the bear. Rats!

A. R. C. (Leeds).—Thanks for cutting. The matter is now out of date. Hope you are going on all right after your operation.

H. C.—You are a good chap.

M. J. B. (Bristol).—What does "Father Brown" know of such matters?

J. M. (Beyrout) wishes to know "the exact price of a gallon of olive oil in England to the trade, and also the price of raisins per lb., and also the duty on them on entering England." We give it up.

J. M. (Broadstairs).—Many thanks for interesting matter.

B. I. (Burgess Hill).—We cannot recommend your friend to pay money to the Weidhaas Institute of your town.

L. V. P. (Woodford Green).—We really cannot exploit our readers in such a manner, much as we sympathise with you in your trouble.

V. L. (Holland Park).—We wish we could help you.

S. A. H. (London).—We will bear your letter in mind.

J. D. (Norwood).—What was the matter with our poster? Don't be so fastidious.

"Boy Clerk" (London).—What view do you wish us to express?

R. H. (Kidsgrove).—We will consider your suggestion.

Z. B. (Manchester).—You would appear to be a pleasant sort of chap to spend an evening with.

A. H. (Congleton).—We will deal with the bankers first, and then take the solicitors in hand.

H. M. R. (Crewe).—We do not smoke—and if we did we should draw the line at such a foul concoction as that you offer us.

A. G. (Stroud Green).—Thanks for letter.

F. F. H. (New Southgate).—What a mathematician you are, and there is much in what you say.

G. M. (Sunbury).—One to you!

A. R. C. (Bishop's Park).—We like to hear a chap stick up for his old school.

H. R. (Liverpool) wants to know how to get an article into the British Museum. That depends on the article. If very ancient, why not send it to *Punch*?

F. W. E. (New Cross).—We do not recommend the Rice cure for rupture. Better eat the rice.

J. H. S. (Cardiff).—We cannot recommend any of these deafness "experts." The hospital is the best place to go to.

J. L. B. (Bury) has invented a way of producing artificial climates, and we shall be glad if he can introduce that of the Azores permanently into our office.

B. B. B. (Richmond).—Do not be in a hurry to join the Page-Davis or any other "School of Advertising."

Miss J. C. (North Shields) presumes that we pay for biscuits. This is an unwarrantable presumption.

E. F. (Carstairs).—We have had many complaints about the Engineering and Mining Exchange (18, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C.).

T. H. (Wimbledon) and others have been much exercised by the cruelty of a man, who, at a rabbit coursing meeting, held some rabbits so near to the dogs' mouths that the rabbits screamed with fright. We are pleased to see that the man was fined £6 11s. 6d.

"A Constant Reader" (Leyton) draws our attention to the death of an Aerated Bread Company's cashier, who was paid 15s. a week for working ten hours a day. Our correspondent also complains of "relief duty," whereby, when one shop is short of girls, it obtains reinforcements from another, thus extorting three or four hours' extra work without extra pay. We are further told that the girls would be far better off in service, as they soon lose their health and looks in the shops. But that is their look-out.

"Since Number One Issue Contributor" (Chelmsford) wants to know where he can get copying or writing to do at home. He should ask the local solicitors and stationers.

"Postal Telegraphist and Epicurean" (Newton Abbot) writes "*Re* wedding cake *v.* postal clerks. I beg to place my right forefinger to the offside of my nose to 'Fair Play,' and close my left eye at him." What a contortionist!

G. A. M. (Glasgow).—The Imperial Art Supply Co., of Fulham and Chancery Lane, are well-known tricksters.

Several Readers have taken exception to our recent "Bull's Eye" about Miss Wing. At the time the paragraph was written no news had been received of the lady's death, and the incident was overlooked when the "Bull's Eye" went to press. We deeply regret if we have caused the relatives of the deceased lady any pain.

ASK a POLICEMAN

When an Officer goes to the Witness Box to give evidence on oath in a motor car case, do you imagine that he relies on a foreign imitation to prove the speed at which the car was travelling? He dare not do such a foolish thing. No Magistrate would convict on such flimsy evidence. No one knows the value of a Genuine English Lever better than a Police Officer, and nine times out of ten it's a "Graves Express." Of course a Genuine English Lever costs twice as much as a foreign imitation, but it's "TEN TIMES BETTER." You need make no difficulty about the price. Our Helpful Subscription System enables you to acquire this perfect watch in a most easy and convenient way.

The "EXPRESS" ENGLISH LEVER, 50/-

We guarantee this Magnificent Watch to be absolutely English Manufacture, and to contain all the very latest improvements. Every part of the movement is standardised, and perfectly interchangeable. The escapements jewelled and fitted with the newest type of automatic compensating chronometer balance which perfectly adjusts the watch to all climatic variations and alterations of temperature. The "Express" contains the Breguet hairspring, Perry's patent reversing centre pinion, and all the most recent perfections. The cases are of massive, sterling silver of graceful proportions but exceptional strength, and suitable for the use of workers in all trades and occupations.

Warranted for 7 Years

We only ask for **5/-**

TO bring this Standard British Timekeeper within easy reach of every man who ought to own a reliable watch, and as an inducement to our own countrymen to prefer our work before foreigners, we have made the most remarkably easy terms ever known for the sale of a bona fide Genuine English Lever Watch. You can order NOW by simply sending a deposit of 5/- with order, and your promise to pay the balance in 9 monthly payments of 5/-; but if you are not absolutely satisfied with the watch when tested, we return every penny you have paid.

Keyless or Keywind, as preferred.

SINCE 1837 WE HAVE SOLD 715,000 "GRAVER" WATCHES, & ALWAYS TO PERFECTLY SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

2/- in the £ Discount Cash with order.

Catalogue Free Our Handsome Explanatory Catalogue is sent Free. Ladies' and Gent's Watches, beautiful Jewellery, Clocks, and attractive goods for Presents, all offered on Remarkably Easy Subscription Terms or Cash Discount. Ask for Catalogue B

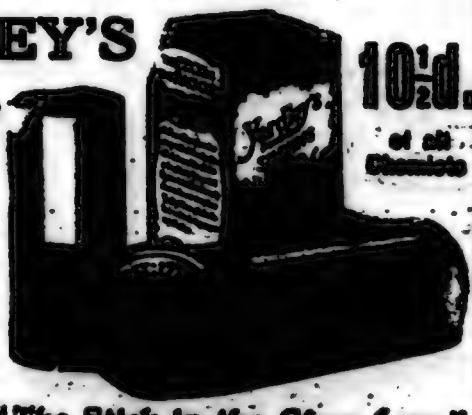
J. G. GRAVER, Ltd., SHEFFIELD

JUST INVENTED!

A BRITISH SHAVING SOAP
THAT BEATS THE FOREIGN.

YARDLEY'S SHAVING SOAP

is better—smoother—and more soothing than any you have ever used.



10½d. of all Chemists

"The Stick in the Glass Case."

IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES
with Return of Purchase Money.

For Particulars write

Gresham Life Assurance Society, Ltd.,
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

Assets Exceed £9,800,000. JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary.

Dictionary of Stock Exchange Terms, revised and enlarged, post free for three stamps of Halford and Co., Palmerston House, London, E.C.

WHY CUT YOURSELF?

Get a CLEMAK. **Get a CLEMAK.**

Note the original Link-Action. **See how it Automatically Adjusts the Blade.**

BEGIN the NEW YEAR with a CLEMAK.

No Screws, Bars, or other impediments.

The CLEMAK outfit, with seven perfect blades, stropping handle, and silver-plated frame, is sold in case complete at FIVE SHILLINGS

It is unnecessary to remove the Blade for Cleaning.

CLEMAK BLADES are now made from a heavy gauge of the finest quality Steel, and by a peculiar process of tempering they retain their edge longer than any other blade made.

CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU A CLEMAK.

Our Booklet will interest you.

Clemak Razor and Seven Blades .	5/-
Clemak Razor and Twelve Blades .	7/6
Standard Outfit with Strop . .	10/6
Clemak Blades, per packet . .	2/6

Of all Ironmongers, Stores, Cutlers, &c. or post free from the

Clemak Safety Razor Co.,
17, Billiter Street, London.

BRITISH MAKE
CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-
WITH SEVEN BLADES

J. H. (Camberwell) was taken suddenly ill at the Camberwell Empire. The manager at once procured a doctor, and sent J. H. home in a cab. For this he refused to accept any payment. In this grumbling age it is refreshing to find somebody grateful for a kindness.

A. H. (Oldham) has been moved by our reference to "Hear the pennies dropping," and sends us a number of extracts from his hymn book. What are we expected to do with them?

J. S. (Glasgow) sends us a picture of the Prime Minister speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and says: "If you could find out what was in the bottle before him, it might be an explanation why his Licensing Bill was rejected by the House of Lords." What does he mean?

"SPECTATOR" (Edinburgh) picks a bone with Jim Crow for stating that the Roman Catholic cause is making headway. He gives statistics to show that it is losing ground in America. But Jim was talking of England.

J. M. Y. (Enfield) thinks we sometimes express ourselves too strongly, and takes up the cudgels on behalf of the brat who wrote to the King and had its picture in the *Daily Mirror*. He says: "It was surely through no fault of the child's father that the half-penny Press gave the matter such needless publicity." Whose fault was it then? Of course, we are very sorry if we "grieved a father when delighting in and encouraging the pretty whim of his five-year-old daughter." If the father has no greater griefs in the course of his life, he is certainly to be envied.

H. J. (Wallington) answered an advertisement from Marseilles offering an agency. He had an answer from the Techno-Chemical Laboratories (Rue de l'Etrieu, 28, Marseilles) asking for a deposit of 5s. for samples, making no inquiry about capability and character, and offering a half-share of profits. It does not sound very attractive.

D. McC. (Glasgow) accuses us of cant for sympathising with the outcasts on the Embankment, and is very angry with Mr. Vivian for saying that "Socialism is poisoning the air." But Vivian *will* say these things.

E. P. (Hillsborough) saw a placard with "Sheffield Tragedies. Choir's Return." He says "the latter *is* undoubtedly a tragedy, but why announce it as such?" Why not?

S. A. M. (South Hackney) thinks there should be a searching inquiry into the scandalous wholesale robberies in the Army and Navy.

J. F. (Maze Pond) says that Guy's Hospital will let you know by telephone how a patient is progressing. This is something like progress.

W. E. H. (Loughborough) wants a biscuit for the following: "On Wednesday evening a lecture was given by the Rev. Wardle Stafford, of London, on 'Fools.' There was a large attendance." Well? ? ?

F. W. (Longfield).—Surely fruit is picked *from* a tree, but picked *up* from the ground?

F. R. (Bloxwich) wants a biscuit for a local preacher for saying that there were no trains or trams in Christ's time, and that people had to be content with walking in wagons. This is not a very serious blunder, though we cannot congratulate the preacher on the cleverness of his discovery.

R. S. B. (Derby).—We do not know Stuart and MacKenzie, accountants, of 9, Goswell Road, E.C.

J. P. W. (Leicester).—It was very candid of the gentleman to confess that he was an old woman.

A. T. (Clapham Park).—Thanks for the funny enclosures.

F. R. (Hammersmith).—Forbid the banns next time.

J. D. W. (Burton-on-Trent).—Alas, no.

D. C. (Ashby de la Zouche).—We never heard of Messrs. Granville and Co., Business Brokers, 12, West Smithfield.

"POSTAL CLERK" (Crewe).—The phrase, terminological inexactitude, was created by Mr. Churchill.

G. P. H. (Herne Hill).—The sentiments of the poem are all right, but we respectfully decline to rhyme with cull.

C. H. R. T. (Barking).—Our printer's geography is about on a par with his other attainments. But do stop Barking about trifles.

A. V. C. (Barnsbury).—An airship driver with 28 years' experience sounds precocious, but he does not say what kind of experience.

"ANTIQUATED PAGANISM" (Wimbledon) touches on our "entirely Scriptural attitude in the question of Sunday observance," and urges that "the hell of the Bible and the hell of orthodoxy are two entirely different conceptions, and that the Bible is no more responsible for the latter pagan fiction than it is for the heresy of Sunday observance or teetotalism." He defies any clergyman of any denomination to quote a single passage from the Bible where the word grave does not supply a perfectly sensible and common-sense translation of either Sheol or Hades. He points out that St. Paul said "the wages of sin is *death*," not eternal torments; that Ezekiel said "the soul that sinneth it shall *die*," "the wicked shall be as stubble," not as asbestos. He concludes that "the Babylonian doctrine of the Trinity, the Egyptian myth of the immortality of the soul, hell fire and eternal torments, are only instances of what the Bible does not teach." He is prepared to answer any critics. Now then, Father Vaughan!

"BATTLE OF THE BOYNE" wants to buy a piece of poetry of that name.

C. H. H. (Johannesburg).—We have read your letter with great interest, and regret we are unable to share your point of view.

S. H. M. (Cambridge) takes exception to firms which have branches all over the country. He says the result is that 15s. out of every £1 is immediately sent away from the town in which it is earned. He says they sell goods at and even under cost price in order to secure custom. We do not know what remedy he can propose, unless it be protection applied locally. Surely it must be a great advantage to consumers to be able to buy goods at or under cost price.

T. H. B. (Penge).—We are not surprised that George Robey should be frightened to come out now that JOHN BULL is about. He has said so many pretty things about us that we might be tempted to kiss his cocoanut.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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DANGEROUS CATARRH!

Or, Chronic Cold in the Head.

Thousands of Lives being Risked—Liability to Asthma, Consumption, or Deafness.

Just now there is an alarming prevalence of nasal catarrh in the British Isles. This is due largely to the dampness of the climate. Few people, comparatively, understand what this dangerous ailment really is, and yet very few are exempt from its ravages.

How It Begins.

It begins with an ordinary cold in the head. This is neglected generally in the expectation that it will cure itself. Often it becomes what is popularly termed a chronic cold in the head. The delicate membrane of the nasal passages, mouth, and throat become irritated and inflamed, mucus accumulates, and there is the need of more or less frequent spitting, headaches are frequent, and the breath smells badly.

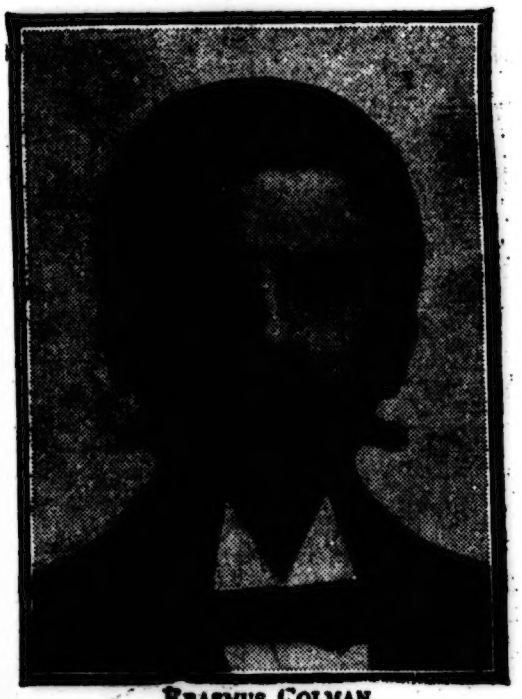
The Shadow of Consumption.

Later, the involuntary swallowing of the poisonous mucus causes disorders of the stomach, kidneys, and other organs. Asthma, bronchitis, and even dreaded consumption follow in the train of this "chronic cold in the head," which is really nasal catarrh.

Another danger of catarrh is the extension to the organs of hearing, and consequent deafness, also ringing noises in the head.

Precious Time Being Wasted.

Misled by naïvely-written advertisements, people waste time and money in swallowing blood remedies, tonics, etc., which can never alone effect a cure. The true remedy, recognised by all medical authorities, is direct treatment upon the inflamed membranes. For many years our ablest physicians have worked upon this theory; but, as is conceded by themselves, they are yet far from finding just what is required. But I have found it!



ERASMUS COLMAN.
(From a Photograph.)

My Straightforward Assertion!

I, Erasmus Colman, declare that I have a perfect and speedy cure for nasal and throat catarrh. It is a home treatment, occupying but a moment or two of one's time daily. The benefit becomes obvious from the first hour. The healing of the diseased condition is gradual, yet speedy and certain. Life again becomes worth the living!

Interrogate Yourself!

If you have any doubt about your ailment, read the following symptoms of Catarrh, arranged in the form of questions:

1. Is your voice husky?
2. Is the breath offensive?
3. Is the nose stopped up?
4. Is your hearing affected?
5. Does the nose discharge?
6. Do you snore when asleep?
7. Do crusts form in the nose?
8. Do you have sneezing spells?
9. Is the sense of smell leaving?
10. Do you suffer from headache?
11. Is there fulness in the throat?
12. Do you expectorate frequently?
13. Do you have to clear the throat?
14. Is there dropping of phlegm into the throat?
15. Do you have Nausea and "gagging" with phlegm?

The foregoing and numerous other questions are those to which the sufferer can usually reply with the word "Yes." When such is the case, then let the afflicted person ascertain regarding my system just as quickly as possible.

May be a Fatal Error.

It is a fearful mistake to neglect catarrh. It is quite certain to develop into something worse. It will not cure itself.

The Veritable Cure.

I have the true cure. It is a system of vaporised medication, complemented by other highly effective therapeutic aids. There is nothing complex about it. Anybody can easily understand. It is pleasant form of cure. It is permanent.

Not Obtainable Elsewhere.

I offer a perfectly genuine system of treatment. You cannot obtain it anywhere else, because it is the result of years of study and active experience, coupled with extraordinary ability in this particular line of ailment; therefore, my system is protected, and is obtainable only from me.

Nevertheless, I do not make charges which are only possible for the well-to-do. Any sufferer, regardless of his or her position, can obtain my treatment upon simple and easy terms by confiding in me. I know that I have the complete cure for catarrh and its consequent ills, including asthma, deafness, etc. I want to cure every man, woman, or child that suffers. None need apply to me in vain.

Get it Free!

I invite every reader of JOHN BULL to write to me and obtain my treatise. I make no charge for the book. It explains all. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope. Please mention title, such as Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc. Address: Erasmus Colman (Room 363), 22, Gray's Inn Road, London.

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lorimer.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Deceived by Ignorance.

People who, as residents in various districts, eschew race meetings, do so wholly from narrow-mindedness, for unquestionably if they only knew or were shown that most of the race gatherings nowadays—especially at the suburban parks—are as much garden parties as their own "tea and muffins," they would be the first to be present.

Marcovil was in None.

It is not generally known—and often a matter of contention—as to how a dead-heat voids a double-event bet, but this is only so when the FIRST event results in a dead-heat. The second portion of the double resulting thus, would, of course, not be divided, as it would be unfair to compel a man to lose what the racing records show that he had already won half of. Yet I believe some bookmakers do suggest this, and enforce rules to that effect.

Facilities Cloak a Lot.

Fashionable trainers can make mistakes galore, and it matters not, for they have so many horses that they can "pull something else out" to make up. With a "little" trainer, however, who has but two or three animals in his charge, one mistake is fatal, and it is extraordinary how exasperating his ill luck continues, however hard he may try, for the fates in conjunction with the handicappers seem determined not to permit those who deserve a victory to gain it. As in all worldly matters, all the water seems to run to the river.

Prophetic.

At Hurst Park to-day (Thursday) BROTHER BILL is handicapped to win the Richmond Plate, whilst MACMURROUGH'S last running was not his true form, as the little chestnut may show in the Molesey Steeplechase.

MERRYTHOUGHT.

should gain the Manchester Hurdle Handicap. In the Three-year-old Selling Hurdle,

BATTLE BIRD

should be backed each way.

THE Rev. T. C. Collings (the "Costers' Parson"), of St. John's Settlement, 186, Camberwell New Road, S.E., would be glad of any contributions of old clothes—particularly children's—for the district under his care, which Mr. Chas. Booth, in his monumental work, "Life and Labour in London," says "is in some ways without a counterpart in London."

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"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS BOX SCHEME.

THE Prize Committee having investigated the batches of Coupons sent in by upwards of two thousand readers have duly awarded the Prizes, all of which were apportioned by Wednesday, December 23rd.

Every Competitor has received some acknowledgment of his efforts, and to one and all we desire to return our grateful thanks.

We are now contemplating another scheme which we trust will be equally popular with our readers.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of October 31st and November 14th:—

T. B. THURSTON, 22, Summer Lane, Erdington, Birmingham. (No. 249156—October 31st.)

R. W. AYTON, 22, Stoney Stanton Road, Coventry. (No. 173333—November 14th.)

J. W. GOODCHILD, 33, Munster Road, Fulham, S.W. (No. 75537—November 14th.)

W. HUGHES, 4, Nut Cottages, Station Road, Weybridge, Surrey. (No. 240105—November 14th.)

GEORGE HENRY HOLLS, 28, White Road, Vicarage Lane, Stratford. (No. 46223—November 14th.)

ALBERT ALDRIDGE, 7, South Street, Finsbury, E.C. (No. 39770—November 14th.)

M. R. HUNTING, 27, Royal Avenue, Doncaster. (No. 244465—November 14th.)

C. H. PRESTON, New Charford Cottage, Alum Rock Road, Saleby, Birmingham. (No. 90058—November 14th.)

W. T. BROOKS, 41, South Road, Saffron Walden. (No. 102347—November 14th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 28:—

96; 1102; 5947; 12519; 24256; 31088; 31114; 36493; 41267; 45980; 50096; 52144; 68217; 72954; 86194; 88863; 94611; 98713; 100010; 113946; 118492; 123398; 127012; 130918; 135972; 143848; 145566; 155860; 159731; 168011; 168937; 173008; 175459; 191872; 199032; 211050; 225792; 234739; 242011; 251588; 251892; 264500; 279156; 279499; 283971; 286666; 291158; 293870; 301392; 314205.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE TO BE RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 6TH (PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 4TH).

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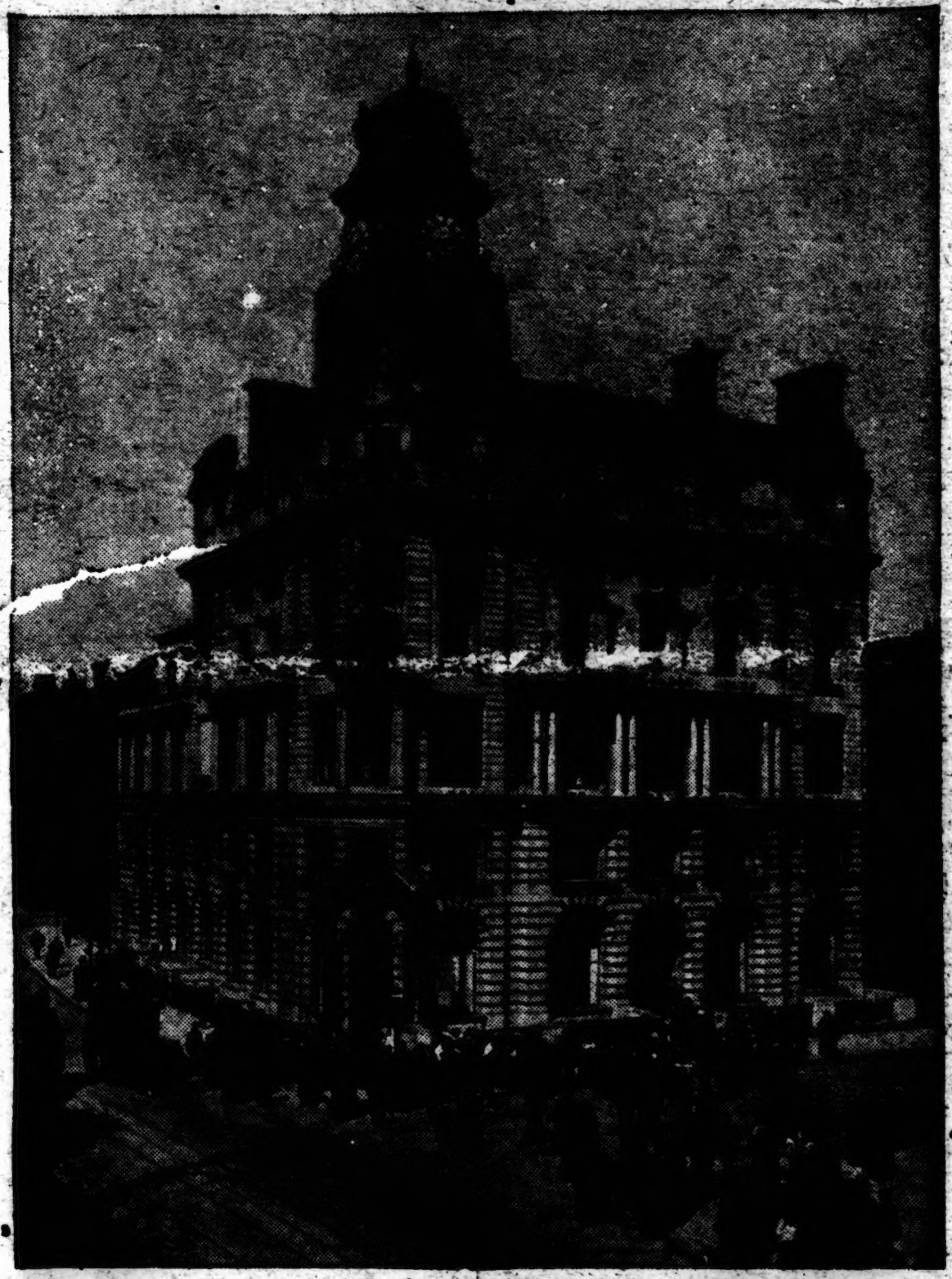

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